



The Sketch

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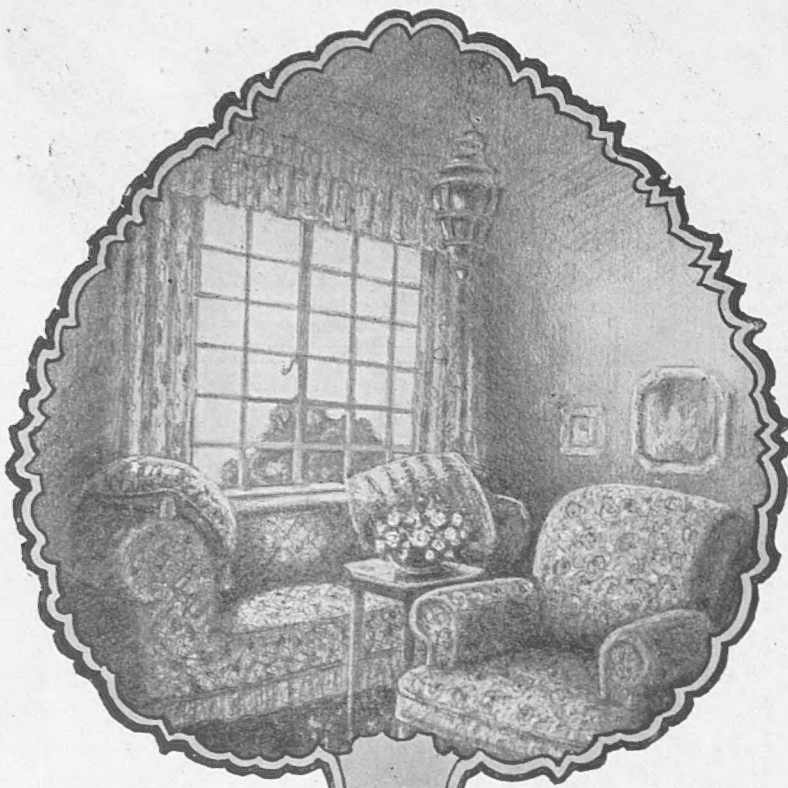
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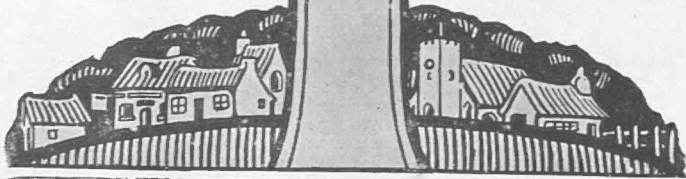
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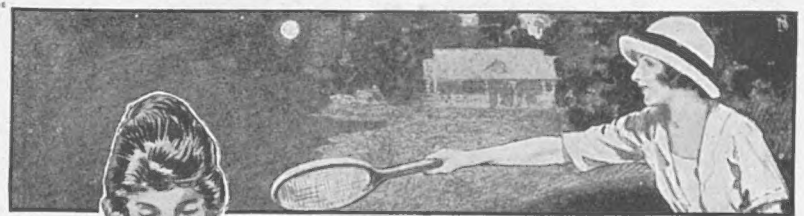
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THE SKETCH



No. 1476—Vol. CXIV.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.



HEROINE OF THE YEAR'S MOST NOTABLE EXPLORING FEAT: MRS. ROSITA FORBES.

Everyone in social and scientific circles is talking about Mrs. Rosita Forbes's wonderful trip through the Libyan Desert to Kufra, and thence through uncharted country to Siwa. When she was on her journey Mrs. Forbes passed as an Arab woman, calling herself the

Sitt Khadija. A series of articles by Mrs. Forbes is to be published in "The Illustrated London News" almost at once. At the same time that journal will reproduce for the first time the best of her photographs.—[*Photograph by Mendoza Galleries.*]



Motley Notes



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Elusiveness of Good Form.

A gentleman named Father Degen has been delivering a lecture at a place called Coalville, on the difficult subject of good and bad form. I have not the honour of knowing who Father Degen may be, or of where Coalville is, but I very much fear that the Father, all unwittingly, led his hearers slightly astray.

"The gospel of good form," he said, "based as it is on conventions rather than upon ethics, should not be regarded as so much insincere, superficial humbug. It helps to chain up the 'brute' within us, which, if let loose entirely, would make men behave like bears or dogs. The conventions of good breeding serve to make life roll along more smoothly."

Apply all that to good manners and the Father is as right as ninepence. But there is a world of difference between good manners and good form. Manners may be, to some extent, conventional, but good form is based wholly and solely on instinct. You can teach a boy good manners. You can teach him to take off his cap when he meets a lady, to open a door, to say "Yes, please," and "No, thank you" (I believe boys are still taught these things in the Outer Hebrides). But you will never teach him good form. That is either in his blood or it is not. He may get a good imitation of it kicked into him at school, but the worst of it is that imitations are not proof against rough usage.

A Child of Nature.

I travelled in the train a few days ago with one of the most famous pugilists in the world. I did not know him, or he me, but I recognised him from his portraits, and was greatly interested to observe him at close quarters. The newspapers had somehow or other given me quite a wrong impression of the man's personality. There was nothing of the "bruiser" about him. Full-face, you would have taken him for a quite usual type of person; it was the profile that revealed the fighter.

He was very quietly dressed, and his conversation and manners were as quiet as his clothes. Everybody knew who he was, but I never saw a man less conscious of observation. There was not the slightest attempt to swagger or put on side. He just talked quietly to a friend, who happened to be sitting near me, of the things in which you would expect him to be interested—racing, motor-cars, cards, and so forth.

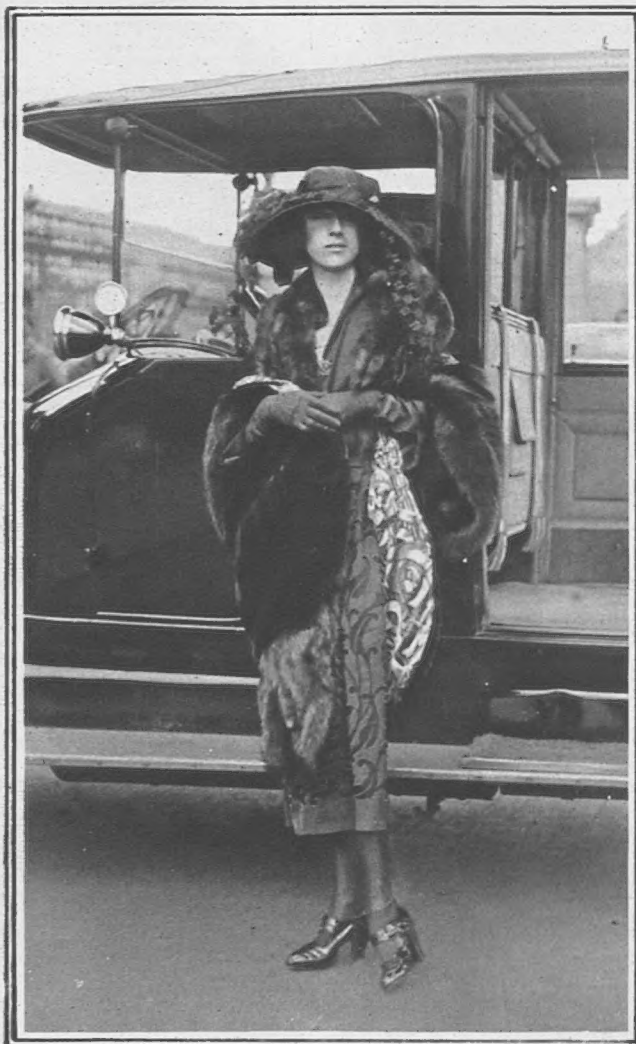
His only refreshment was a cup of tea, and he did not smoke. He looked the picture of health. His features were not mobile, but the eyes were full of intelligence, and humour, and kindness. Here was the embodiment of good form as distinct from any straining after mere manners.

Why Horses Race.

A writer in a daily newspaper has been at pains to point out the real reason for the continuance of horse-racing. "It is not carried on," he says, "merely to provide a popular spectacle and a medium for speculative transactions. It is an essential factor in the conduct of an important industry, peculiarly associated with this country—that of horse-breeding. Breeding is a process of careful selection, in which racing is an indispensable test. What we call our 'classic' races provide the highest form of test for the finest products of our stables. Those tests must go on."

The moral of all of which is that, coal strike or no coal strike, it's a shame to cancel race-meetings.

It has not, apparently, occurred to gentlemen interested in race-meetings, as apart from gentlemen interested in the breeding of horses, that the presence of a crowd of spectators is not the best thing in the world for the horses who are to be tested. The majority of horses, I imagine, would do themselves more justice if there were no crowd at all. If race-meetings are held for a pure and noble cause, how much purer and nobler that cause if the public were not told when and where the tests would take place! However, not being a kill-joy, I won't press the argument any further.



AS SHE WENT TO BE RECEIVED BY THE KING: MRS. ROSITA FORBES ARRIVING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Mrs. Rosita Forbes, whose wonderful journey through the Libyan Desert has created so much interest in scientific as well as social circles, had the honour of being received by the King and Queen last week, and their Majesties were much interested in the details of her amazing journey. The first photographs of her trip to Kufra and the unknown districts she visited will be published in "The Illustrated London News," with a most interesting series of articles from her pen. She is lecturing at the Central Asia Society on the 18th; at the Royal Geographical Society on the 23rd; and at the Æolian Hall on June 2.—[Photograph by Alinari.]

The Eternal Riddle.

What is that which everybody loathes, everybody curses, everybody agrees should be abolished, yet without which everybody is miserable?

There's a May-day riddle for you. The answer is, Work. At this very moment you are looking forward to your annual holiday, just as you look forward to it as surely as each spring comes round. Yet, when the holiday arrives, you are dissatisfied. Something is the matter. You are not as happy as you meant to be. The sun shines, and the waves roll, and yet you are bored.

Why? Because you are not at work. Man cannot live without work. When a man who has worked hard all his life suddenly gives up work and retires, what happens? Frequently he dies of sheer boredom. Work may be a curse, but we've got to do it because we were born to work. The people who want to abolish work might as well talk of abolishing breathing. If you don't breathe, you die; if you don't work, you die.

This is not pessimism—it is optimism, a much finer thing, whatever the cheap cynics may tell you.

The majority of mankind is compelled to work, so they may as well look at the bright side of it. Overwork is another matter. Overwork is a disease, even more fatal than idleness. For the moment, therefore, I shall stop.

"The Sketch" at Hurlingham: Be-Furred Spectators.



WITH MRS. BARRIE: LADY SHOLTO
DOUGLAS.



WATCHING THE AMERICAN POLO TEAM: THE HON. MRS.
ROBERT BRAND AND FRIENDS.



WELL WRAPPED UP: LADY BLANDFORD WATCHING
THE LAWN-TENNIS.

In spite of the cold snap and wet days we had last week, Society wrapped itself up in furs and gathered at Hurlingham to watch the lawn-tennis and the polo there. Lady Sholto Douglas, who is seen on our page with a South African friend, Mrs. Barrie, is a recent bride. She was formerly Mrs. Barnard-Mosselmans, and



INTERESTED SPECTATORS: MISS HILDA MACKENZIE
AND MRS. POLLITT.

married Lord Sholto Douglas the other day. The Hon. Mrs. Robert Brand is Lady Astor's sister, and the wife of Lord Hampden's brother; while Lady Blandford is the beautiful daughter-in-law of the Duchess of Marlborough. Miss Hilda Mackenzie, who is a keen lawn-tennis player, is the younger sister of Lady Burstall.



More About Mariegold

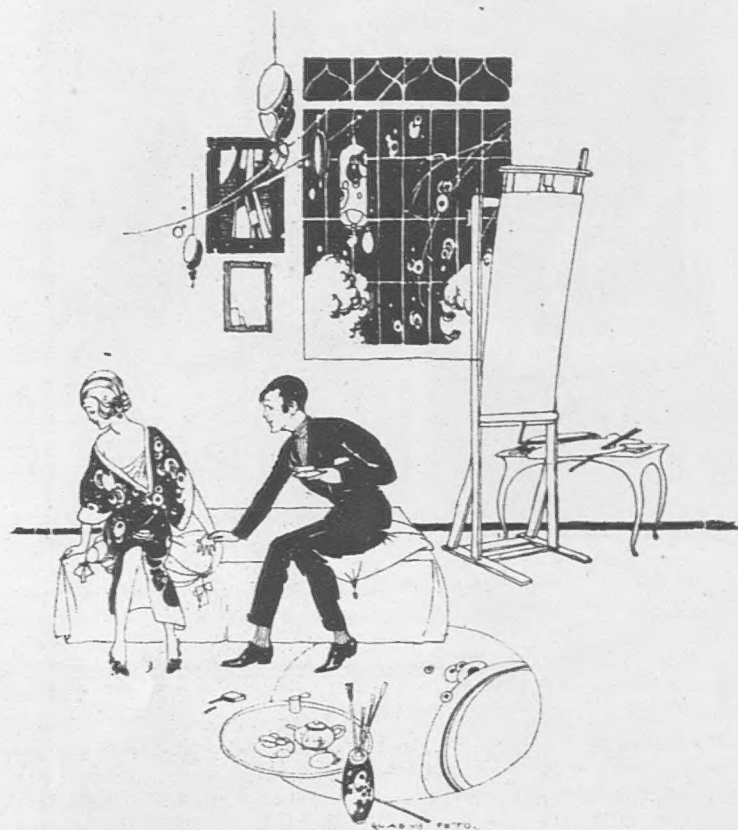


A WEEK-END in Sussex has brought Mariegold back to town full of local enthusiasms. "West Sussex, of course," she says with some of the inexplicable scorn with which the West surveys the East over all large and small areas of the world—Europe towards Asia, Grosvenor Square towards Bloomsbury, beyond

are not the only buyers, bless them! Earl Beatty, for instance, had a good look at Parham before he went to Bagshot; and a certain peer's son has been down several times, hoping to loosen the well-filled parental purse. But now it passes into the agent's hands. It is even advertised. Perhaps the idea of its change of ownership is the more unwelcome to the neighbourhood because Lady Zouche is so perfect and untiring a châtelaine, and her son and heir a youth with a large inheritance of perfect Curzon manners.

And Arundel, of course, can be seen from Parham—the woods, of Arundel, though not the actual walls of the Castle. The Duchess of Norfolk—like Lady Zouche, a peeress in her own right—finds the Castle a little lonely, and likes travel; but the young Duke, the very young Duke, delights in the place, and, from the pinnacles of its walls, eyes the country round with full knowledge and pleasure of his possessions. Arundel used to be thought of, if not as a sleepy hollow, at least as a sleepy altitude. But Mariegold says: "See what it has done in its sleep! The late Duke became the busiest and best Postmaster-General. His uncle, Lord Lyons—who spent all his spare time there, and did not marry because he said he could never love his own children, if he had any, so well as he loved his sister's—was Ambassador in Washington and Paris; a shy man, who boasted at Arundel that he had been ten years in America without once making a speech or clinking a glass. And now a son of the Castle, who changed his name from Howard to Talbot, goes to Ireland as a Vice-King; while the Castle's grandson, James Fitzalan Hope, becomes Chairman of Committees in the Commons—a sure step to the Speakership, a peerage, and a pension." So Mariegold feels that she has been in the hub of the universe. But—there is a "but" even in this shining romance—"James Hope lives now, you know, at Heron's Ghyll—in East Sussex!"

Town seems disproportionately dull—everybody is putting off everything. The visiting Americans are wondering where our great entertainers are hiding right away. Mariegold sympathises, and



1. Angela's time is now fully occupied. She has become an artist's model. She enjoys the sittings very much . . .

which is—nowhere. West Sussex, I gather from Mariegold, plays the game gaily, and talks of East Sussex as though it were all Brighton and the Regent's Pavilion.

Petworth is Mariegold's pet place; and her further word-wangle is that nobody ought to be asked to that lovely house who is not Petworthy; not because of the rooms, which, when half-a-dozen doors are open, make an unending gallery, hung with Turners and other treasures; nor because of the Park, surrounded by nearly the longest wall in England, though the trees are now at their perfection; but because the host and hostess know how to make their house so attractive to their friends. Lady Leconfield is back from her stay in the South of France, very sunburnt, which Mariegold says is partly due to her height—"If you were a foot nearer to the fire now, you would know!" What is certain is that if you are six feet high, you have a different eye-line for pictures, and that is a reassuring thought for the hostess when squat visitors have to crane up to look their levellest at an old Earl of Egremont. That was the title borne by Lord Leconfield's grandfather. But, for some reason, at which only guesses are made even in the immediate family, the third and last Lord Egremont did not marry the lady who was the acknowledged mistress of Petworth, and the mother of his children. His eldest son, therefore, was given the Barony of Leconfield—a rather fascinating name, Mariegold thinks, but she says that Lady Leconfield, while in France, often wanted to be an Egremont again, just for the pronouncing convenience of her French friends.

From the very top windows of Petworth, Mariegold reports, you can see Parham when the leaves are not fully out, though Parham House is miles away. Everybody round about is sorry that Parham must be sold. Hilaire Belloc used some very strong language about it when he dropped in to tea there one afternoon. He thought the sales of ancient properties by their hereditary owners to the New Rich was making of paradise (the two places have the "par" in common, any way) an ante-chamber of hell. Well, but the New Rich (and how nice some of them are, and their boys and their girls, too!)



2. . . . And her evenings are always gay.

quite refuses to smile at the take-in played off by a young wag on "one of them"—as the rather disavowing phrase goes. "One of them" was told that the Unknown Warrior's widow wanted to make her acquaintance, and she, all credulous hospitality, offered to send out cards for a party to meet the pathetic creature!

Mariegold, at tea with "one of them," met the very much alive Mr. Sawbridge, the manager of the American Polo Team. He was a little bit worried. What with rats in the stables and sleet in the air, he was having a strenuous time to bring his players up to the scratch, accustomed as they are to the arid Long Island fields. Their horses are more at home, however, for they were originally taken by the English players to America, where they were bought and kept, and they seem quite happy to be home again. They are veterans, and their meeting with fresher competitors is to be quite unusually exciting. All the world is thrilled about polo at the moment.

Priscilla Lady Annesley is back from Rome and is letting her bijou house in Gloucester Place. The high local rates are responsible for the many houses now being let furnished. They are the reasons, quite a large round number of them, why Lord Lansdowne decided to give place to Mr. Gordon Selfridge. Lucky Vi Selfridge, to have so magnificent a jumping-off ground from maidenhood into matrimony—one, too, that was sufficiently handy (or should it be footy?) for the Oratory. A consideration when you have seven hundred guests.

Dr. Priestley—Hilaire Belloc's great-grandfather, by the way—discovered oxygen in Lansdowne House, and perhaps that's why the new tenant feels the air to be more exhilarating than that of Portman Square. Or does he get wandering whiffs from the top of St. James's Street, which Disraeli said was the best air in Europe?

If only all the people who have just returned from abroad could find it so! The Duke of Connaught, at any rate, always finds himself happier in London than anywhere else, and the Indian heat he stored up has still quite a reserve to be drawn upon. Lord and Lady Dawson of Penn have left their hearts behind them in Algiers. Lady Elcho is back from Brussels; and recent runaways from Paris, who include Lady Ribblesdale, Lady Curzon of Kedleston, and Lady Cowdray (who made quick tracks from town to her lovely park in Sussex—West Sussex, Mariegold insists on discriminating) report that the *chef* of the Hotel Chatham regards the purchase of Orpen's portrait of him by the Chantrey Trustees as the serious final clinching of the Entente Cordiale. So that's that.

Lady Anglesey has been about with the Duke of Rutland a good deal these last days, and the father's height seems to be magnified by the daughter's moderation in inches. The Duke is faithful to the morning jacket, even when, as at a formal function, he wears a top hat. Mariegold approves and compliments him on his boldness as the original innovator. "Dukes ought to lead, you know," she says artlessly,—"that's what the name means." Another innovation. The other day she saw Kyrle Bellew with shoes and stockings to match

Of all the private theatricals she has seen, the very best, Mariegold says, were those arranged by the three daughters of Sir Maurice de Bunsen. But it was there that she first heard from a fellow-guest the rumour, much bruited about, of the supposed unhappiness of a young married couple to whose brilliant wedding all the world and



4. . . . And all the galleries are full of her portraits. The visitors, taking her for a wealthy patroness of art, are duly impressed.

his wife went. Mariegold, who knows them well, says that the only foundation for all the talk is that the bridegroom lit a cigar in the car that took them to their honeymoon, though the bride, Aunt Sarah asserts, sickens at the scent. Mariegold knows that the windows were wide open, that the lady begged her lord to do what he did, and that, after the first whiff, he flung the weed away. So the whole story ends in smoke.

To show how history repeats itself in gossip, Mariegold quotes from the new *Life* of the late Lord Bute what he wrote to a friend just after his marriage with Gwendoline Howard: "Iniquitous calumnies," he called the rumours that he was a disappointed husband, and he added: "Our happiness indeed is complete, and the terms on which we live completely affectionate and intimate. I find myself more attached to G. the longer I have the privilege of living with her." The Dowager Lady Bute, now thirty years a widow, wished the very bride now idly gossiped about a happiness equal to her own.

"Are there many people who entertain more than Lady Colefax, I wonder?" said Mariegold pensively. "She seems to give a party of some kind or other almost daily; and, indeed, she has quite raised the tone of the King's Road, Chelsea, where she lives. Instead of only seeing Bohemians, Chelsea has the privilege of beholding inhabitants of Mayfair bejewelled and befurred driving up to Argyll House in their cars. Though Lady Colefax does not by any means confine herself to what is known as 'Society'—she has a distinct *penchant* for celebrities of the artistic and literary world; and Augustus John, now almost conventional in his dress, is one of her visitors, not to mention Arthur Symonds, the poet, and others belonging to the younger generation.

"We are living in serious times," continued Mariegold, "and, being adaptable, we become serious and high-browed in consequence. The other night I actually went to the Queen's Hall (why has it been done up in such an unbecoming shade of blue—so trying for one's complexion and frocks?) to Moiseiwitsch's recital, and came to the conclusion that there is not much merit in being high-browed if you get as much enjoyment out of it as I did listening to the young Polish pianist. He is a marvel, and not even a prolonged tour in America has been able to spoil him artistically. What finish, what restraint, and what a tone he gets out of the piano! The audience was enthusiastic in the extreme. And I saw Eugene Goossens there. He, by the way, is conducting a performance of Stravinsky's 'Sacre du Printemps' on June 7. It was given as a ballet at Drury Lane before the war."



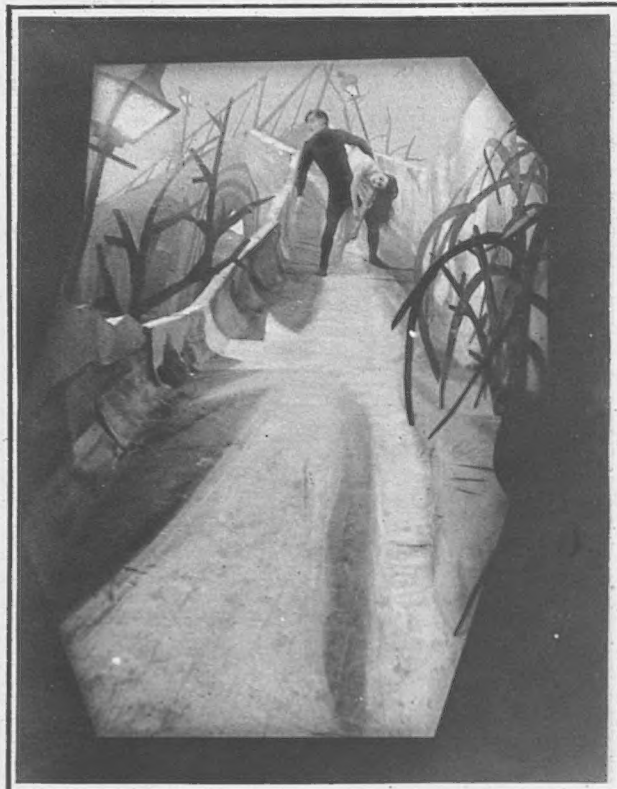
3. She spends many merry midnights and happy sunrises . . .

her hair, and nice, too. I said that black-haired people had done that matching these many days, so there was nothing very original in that. But Mariegold says that no one who sees the artistry of Kyrle Bellew's harmony wants to talk piffle like that.

Murder and Madness in a Futuristic Film Thrill.



SUGGESTIVE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE: THE ABDUCTION OF JANE
IN "THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI."



THE FLIGHT DOWN THE CRAZY ALLEYS OF A CUBIST
TOWN: CESARE THE SOMNAMBULIST, AND HIS VICTIM.



A BLOOD-CURDLING EPISODE ON ERRATIC ANGLE-ROOFS: THE ALL BUT SUCCESSFUL ABDUCTION OF JANE.

"The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" is the latest film thrill. The picture was shown recently at the Capitol Theatre, New York, and has aroused tremendous interest, not only by reason of its strange, morbidly mysterious story, but on account of its Futuristic setting. The story of how Dr. Caligari and his somnambulist slave, Cesare, who only wakens to evil

activity when roused by the Doctor, come to the little provincial town and commit various crimes, including murder and the attempted abduction of Jane, is played in strange expressionistic scenery. The houses are Cubist houses, the crazy alleys and distorted trees are genuinely Futuristic, and add to the unearthly thrills of the play.

Swift Stabs of Horror and a Kick at the Finish.



QUITE CUBISTIC: A STREET SCENE IN "THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI"—SHOWING THE WICKED DOCTOR.



THE SECRET OF THE STRANGE PICTURE-PLAY REVEALED: THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

"The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" is a film which inflicts swift stabs of delicious horror on its audiences, and provides them with a kick at the finish as well—in the shape of a most unexpected ending. One sits entranced and thrilled by the wickedness of Werner Krauss, as Dr. Caligari, and the crimes he commits by means of his ghostly,

ghastly sleep-walker Cesare, who is played by Conrad Veidt; but when the epilogue is reached, one discovers that the strange story set in its weird scenery is only the disordered imaginings of an inmate of a lunatic asylum, whose hallucinations have been utilised as the plot of the story!

Hard Hitting on the Hard Courts: Hurlingham "Snaps."



PLAYING IN THE LADIES' SINGLES:
MRS. TOYE (MISS DORIS LYTTON).



TAKING A BACK-HANDER:
MISS M. L. STEVENSON.



A DIFFICULT STROKE: MISS
M. A. H. TODD.



IN THE LADIES' SINGLES:
MISS PALMER.



DEFEATED BY MISS M. L. STEVENSON:
MRS. A. GRAY.

The standard of women's lawn-tennis has improved tremendously during the last few years, and plenty of hard hitting was seen at the Hurlingham Hard Court Tournament last week. Our page shows some

of the competitors in the Ladies' Handicap Singles, and gives photographs of different strokes in the strenuous games at which the modern woman manages to combine grace and skill.

Photograph No. 1, by Alfieri; Nos. 2, 4, and 5, by S. and G.; and No. 3, by I.B.

Hippodrome Peeps at the Past: Earth and Moon People.



AS MAGGIE DUGGAN IN HER PRIME:
MISS MONA VIVIAN.



AS THE GREAT DAN LENO: MR. STANLEY
LUPINO.



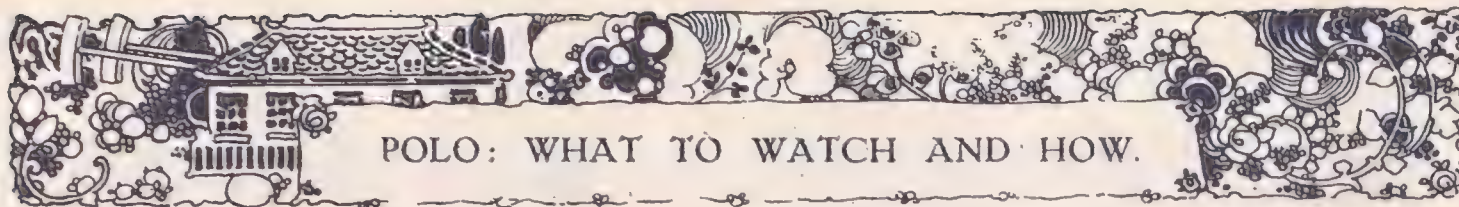
AS LIGHT O' THE MOON: MISS ANNIE CROFT;
AND MR. REGINALD SHARLAND.



AS NANCY IN THE BILL SIKES EPISODE: MISS ANNIE CROFT;
AND MR. BENSON KLEVE.

The two big spectacular scenes which "The Peep Show," the new revue at the Hippodrome, provides, are the Song Shop and Down Dickens Street. In the former, old music-hall favourites come to life again in the person of Stanley Lupino, Annie Croft, and other members of the company, who cleverly conjure up the atmosphere of

the Halls of the 'nineties; while in Down Dickens Street well-known characters from the Dickens novels are pictured. Miss Annie Croft and Mr. Benson Kleve give a specially realistic version of Nancy and Bill Sikes. Our page illustrates Miss Annie Croft's make-up as Nancy, and also shows her as The Light o' the Moon.



POLO: WHAT TO WATCH AND HOW.

THE SCHEME OF ATTACK AND DEFENCE: METHOD AND SPEED.

IT has been well and truly said that polo is the game of the few, and for that reason it is not "understood of the people."

Last season, although the Hurlingham authorities made a praiseworthy attempt to educate the public taste, and no doubt succeeded to a very great extent, it is none the less true that the average person who watches the game has no idea at all as to what is the method of it, or even that there is any method at all. The uninitiated person's idea probably is that all that is necessary is for a player to hit the ball hard, gallop after it and hit it again, before anyone else can get

near it. Elementary though this idea is, it is, in the main, a correct one. The first object is to hit the ball—the second to hit it in the right direction. But there is a bit more "to it" than this! Polo is a game in which good combined action counts quite as much as it does in, say, "Rugger" or "Soccer." The smack-and-gallop artist; who thinks that he can win a match off his own bat, and takes no notice of what the other people on his side are doing, is not only a nuisance but a hindrance. A side owning an undisciplined "raider" of this order is nine times out of ten foredoomed to defeat. Each one of the four people who are comprised in a polo team has his own particular job and his own particular place.

Polo is a game of quick attack and



A WOMAN POLO-PLAYER WHO IS PLAYING AT THE TAUNTON VALE CLUB: MISS NOELA WHITING.

Miss Noela Whiting is one of the few women who play polo. She is going to play regularly this season at the Taunton Vale Club, where last summer she played in the final of the Portman Cup Tournament. Miss Whiting learnt the game in Burma, where she was handicapped at two points. She took part regularly in the station games there, and was in the winning team of several small tournaments.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

counter-attack: the offensive changes to the defensive with lightning-like rapidity, and it is for this reason that the non-playing spectator very often is led to believe that it is a game in which there is no set rule of tactics. This is very far from being the case. By reason of the high speed, it is extremely difficult to draw a parallel between polo and any other ball game, yet the principles are in the main identical. In football and in polo there is the line of attack and the line of defence; and if one says that there is a certain connection between a polo No. 3 and a "Rugger" three-quarter, I think that that is as near as one can get to it. In polo no one waits; in "Rugger" some people do; in "Soccer" the halves keep the attacking forward off the ball to give the back a chance to clear. The same principle is applied in polo. When a side is attacking under either set of rules in football, the other units all lend their aid to give the man on the ball a clear run. They are up with him ready to take a pass or back him up, or charge anyone who is trying to get in his way. They in fact, "ride off" the enemy's defence so as to give the attack all the elbow-room possible.

It is the same thing where polo is concerned. In the attack, whoever is on the ball—whether it is No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, or the back—everybody contrives to give him the best possible chance of scoring.

The visitor to Hurlingham in these days, that is, since last season, is greatly aided by the numbered saddle-cloths. He was not so aided until Colonel Arthur Duff, the Secretary of Hurlingham, thought of this very sensible device.

It is difficult within the limits of a short article to tell the non-player exactly what is the meaning of what he may see, but, on broad lines, when a team is attacking he will probably see No. 1 "riding" the opposing back; that is to say, that he will be well up with him, hampering him in every possible way that he can from "clearing,"

or getting a fair smack at the ball. Let us picture No. 2 as the man on the ball in a high-speed "raid"; close up with him and riding off any enemy units who may be trying to deprive him of possession will be his own No. 1. Behind No. 2 of the attacking side will be No. 3, and behind him again, back, riding close up to the fighting line, but ready at any moment to stop and turn and get back to protect his own goal. While this is happening the spectator will see the defenders making strenuous efforts to stop the raid by hitting back-handers, crooking the attacker's stick, riding him off, etc. They will be galloping in the direction of their own goal, hotly engaged with the No. 1 and No. 2 of the attack, and trying their utmost to take the pressure off their own back.

The moment of a determined attack is always a thrilling one. It is primarily the duty of the defending No. 2 and No. 3 to protect the back; but No. 1, although he will have turned with the ball, will not, as a rule, be found as near his own citadel as his fellow-forward (No. 2) and No. 3. A No. 2 who will not lie close up is of no use to anyone.

That, very roughly, is the general scheme of attack and defence. No. 1 is the line of observation and attack—he corresponds to the cavalry screen of an army, whose business is to "try everywhere," or, as Napoleon put it, *tâter partout*; No. 2 is the advance guard with a certain amount of light artillery backed by the supports (No. 3), and again backed by the heavy part of the army (back). I think that that may be the best way to present a polo team to the reader who knows nothing about it.

Back is not by this reason precluded from taking a very active share in the offensive. You will frequently see him go away with the ball on a raid of his own. When he does so, No. 3 falls back in support, No. 1 and No. 2 form his flanking patrols ready to "chip in" at any moment to take the ball, ride off anyone who may try to interfere, or, in the event of the attack being stopped and a quick counter-attack developing, turn in their tracks and fight tooth and nail against the arrow-head of the enemy offensive.

It is all a game of quick cut and thrust—so quick very often that it looks a blurred and confused picture to the onlooker. But all the time



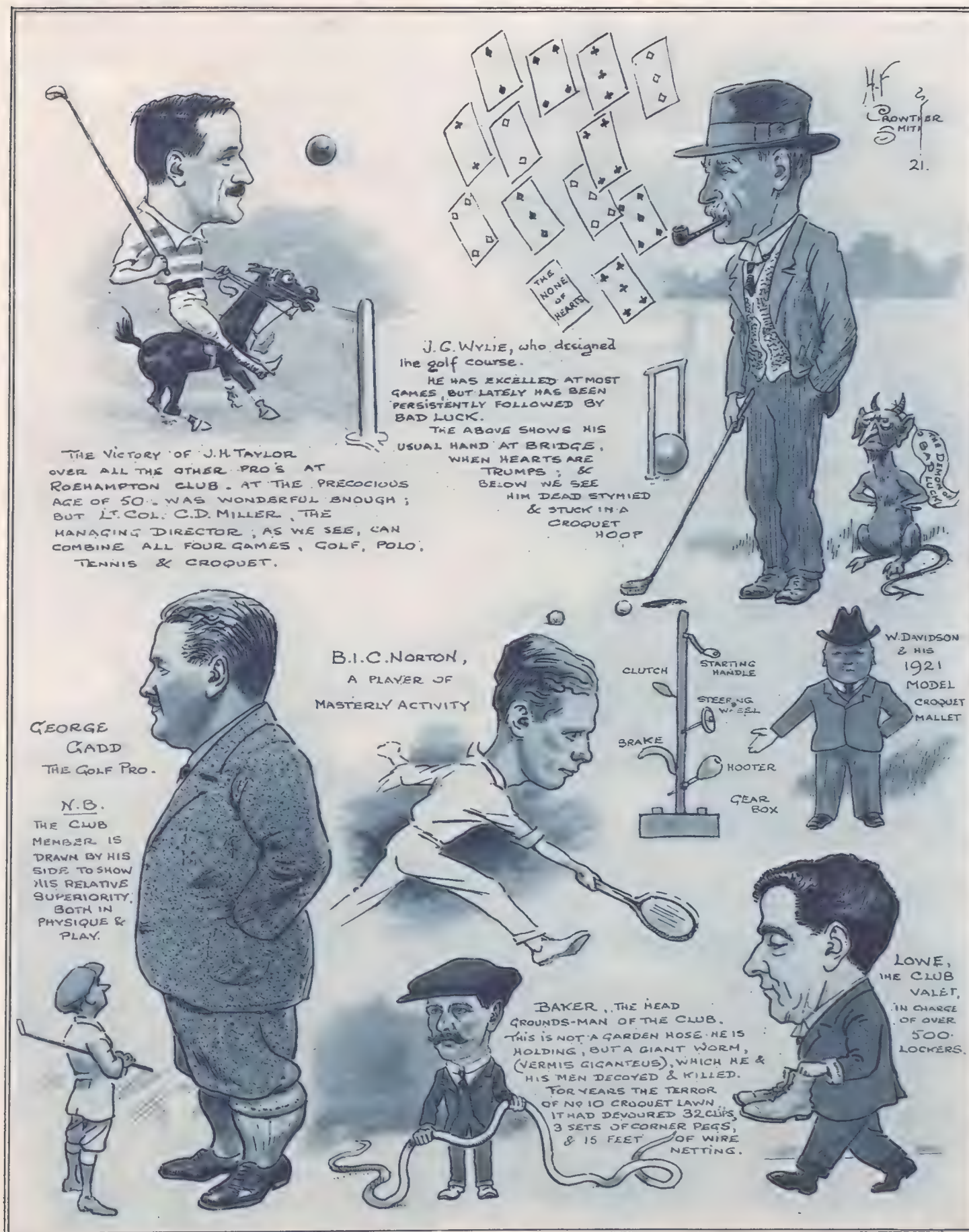
FOUR OF THE AMERICAN POLO EXPERTS: MR. H. V. COLT, MR. C. C. RUMSEY, MR. T. HITCHCOCK JUN., AND MR. EARL HOPPING.

Our photograph shows four of the American polo experts who have come over here to compete for the International Cup. Mr. H. V. Colt is the American Polo Association's representative, and is in charge of the ponies; Mr. C. C. Rumsey is the probable No. 1; Mr. Earl Hopping is a reserve; and Mr. Thomas Hitchcock Jun. will play No. 2 in the international matches.—[Photograph by Rouch.]

there is method in everything that is done. If I have conveyed some idea of what this method is—a very difficult task at the best—I shall be more than satisfied. I hope that I have been in some measure successful.

"JERDAND."

A Playground of Outdoor Sporting Society.



PERSONALITIES AT A WELL-KNOWN CLUB: ROEHAMPTON CELEBRITIES.

Roehampton Club is one of the most popular of Society's outdoor playgrounds, as its golf course, polo grounds, hard and grass lawn-tennis courts, croquet lawns and bridge pavilion provide the opportunity for the exercise of all these sports and pastimes. Colonel C. D. Miller,

the managing director, is himself a first-rate sportsman. Our caricaturist has visualised him combining four games in one afternoon, and has also registered his impressions of the great George Gadd, of Mr. J. G. Wylie, and other well-known Roehampton people.

"Sunbeams out of Cucumbers"

TO-DAY I came across my first attempt at artistic expression. I was very young and happy when I wrote it, so, of course, it is all about unrequited love and a girl who dies of a broken heart. When you are fifteen you yearn for unhappy endings. You discover that sunshine and flowers and blue skies, to be properly appreciated, must be the background of deep tragedy. So you gaze into retrospect, and, finding nothing adequate in your own past, you invent a personality. You are only half aware that your heroine is yourself. You fancy yourself tremendously in grown-up clothes gliding through ball-rooms in the arms of an impossible young man with a criminal past. You alone of all the world understand him. You glory in your social ostracism on his behalf. You explain in elaborate language borrowed from, say, Marie Corelli that through

all eternity you will reap the reward of your multitudinous virtues. And then you grow up and learn, if your creatures had come true, how ashamed you would have been—you their creator. Happily, their history is scribbled in pencil that fades, on paper so cheap (your greed for chocolates was even greater than your literary ambition) that already it is barely legible. Fortunately, the prosaic business of life insists on your now writing "Sunbeams Out of Cucumbers," instead of sentimental stories about black sheep and shrouds. So, having destroyed your own, you are encouraged to vivisection the art of others.

I went to the twenty-seventh Exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers—the private view—and enjoyed myself. With an eye to this essay, I meant to look mostly at the invited guests. But I got carried away by the pictures a moment after making a mental note of the

well-cushioned posteriors were preferable to these skeletons made of mud. And would that Velasquez could lecture on his own "Venus of the Looking-Glass"! She lives all rosy from her bath. She was painted in the heyday of the youth of the world, when curves and dimples were still preferable to angles and cubes. I wonder what she would say about Arthur Davies's picture, "The Balance of the Golden Scales"? He is an American, but I have never seen one American woman like that. Ask Lady Astor, whose sister is the model of the Dana Gibson girl!

I like the red, gold, and black frame of "Peggy," and the mass of beautiful colour in Thomas Baxter's picture; and I like the late William Strang's "A Venetian," a Burnes-Jonesque, very finished expression of green dress, red hair, and dull mahogany velvet cloak; and most delightful is the flower group of Alexander Jamieson, "They Grew in a Cotter's Garden" and the portrait head by Oswald Birley; and "The Camp," by Laura Knight; and "Des Careses," by Fernand Khnopff; and "Olga," by Katherine Mayer; and "Mlle. X.," by Nora England. And, at the risk of being condemned as unpatriotic, I admit that the portrait that pleased me most was the one of Freeland Barlow by Laszlo. I would rather have all my belongings painted by him than by any artist alive. I do not presume to be an art critic. But I have ordinary eyes. I see people as Laszlo sees them. I do



**A DEBUTANTE OF THE YEAR:
MISS MABEL D'OYLY.**

Miss Mabel D'Oyly is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. George D'Oyly, of 11, Lowndes Square, and is one of the debutantes of the year. She is to be presented this season at one of the coming Courts.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

presence of Lady Sarah Wilson and Mrs. Ralph Peto and Lady Musgrave. I got specially carried away by Sir William Orpen's head of Colonel Lawrence, with its surprising background of bright yellow and cream and blue and grey. Sir William Orpen is quite right to charge so much for his pictures. The amount of colour thrown in beside the mere drabs necessary to paint a man's clothing is most generous. It delights me to-day; but, Philistine that I am, I am not at all certain it will delight the great-grandchildren of Colonel Lawrence. It seems that in the degree that your age advances your aura deepens. M. Clemenceau's head is set in splashes of deep-orange, and again grey splashes—to soften it, I suppose, lest the psychic influence of too deep glory break the spell. And there is a spell. It kept me there till long past lunch-time, wondering about things—that and "Amiens, August 1918" (also by Orpen), and "President Wilson," a masterpiece of portraiture—but why in a white frame? Is it meant for a symbol of peacefulness, or is it merely meant for the White House? Perhaps the picture that pleased me most was "Doreen," by Charles Buchel. Set in an emerald-green ground, the black dress with its grey lace and fan arrested me first. Then the beautiful face of Doreen herself, whoever she may be. It is refreshing to find beautiful features beautifully painted. I, for one, am frankly tired of the ultra-moderns, who seem to avoid beauty like the plague. Even their paid models are often coarse, ugly, shapeless creatures, and these painters glory in nudes whose skinny figures look more like broken lamp-posts than flesh-and-blood women. Would that Boucher could come back to life and paint flesh in the pink once more! His



**A RECENT BRIDE: MRS. EASTWOOD,
FORMERLY MRS. D. FINDLAY.**

Mrs. Eastwood, whose marriage to Major Ralph Eastwood, D.S.O., M.C., was celebrated recently, was formerly Mrs. Findlay. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Temperley, of 47, Chester Square, and is one of the prettiest women in Society.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



**MARRIED AT BOURTON, SHRIVENHAM: CAPTAIN BARTLE EDWARDS, M.C.,
AND HIS BRIDE, MISS DAPHNE KENDALL-BUTLER.**

The marriage of Captain Bartle Edwards, M.C., Rifle Brigade, of Hardingham Hall, Norfolk, and Miss Daphne Kendall-Butler, daughter of Sir Cyril Kendall-Butler, of Bourton House, Shrivenham, took place at Bourton Church. Our photograph shows the bridal group in the garden after the ceremony.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

not see blue skin, or orange shadows on green noses. I do not want to see any face with a great splash of colour behind it—unless I can change the colour twice a week. Perhaps some enterprising artist will take the idea—gratuitously—and devise a canvas with a hole in

(Continued overleaf.)

An English Matinée Idol.



READY TO BRAVE THE RIGOURS OF AN ENGLISH SUMMER:
MR. OWEN NARES GOES FOR A STROLL.



PRACTISING PUTTING: MR. OWEN NARES
IN HIS GARDEN.



OLD GLASS OR OLD PORT? A POPULAR ACTOR
IN HIS DINING-ROOM.



INCOME-TAX QUERIES: A FAVOURITE
WITH SOME UNPOPULAR PAPERS.

Mr. Owen Nares is perhaps our most popular stage lover, and looks like scoring another of his big successes in his new rôle of the blue-blooded house-painter (*pro tem.*), Kit Harwood, in Miss Jennings' latest comedy, "Love Among the Paint Pots," which was recently produced at the Aldwych. He

collects old furniture and glass, and has some beautiful pieces in his house in London. It also boasts a garden where Mr. Nares, who is a prominent member of the Stage Golfing Society, can practise putting. Our photographer caught him in the act—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, L.d.]

"SUNBEAMS OUT OF CUCUMBERS."

Continued.

it, and with a revolving *inside* canvas to suit the demands of any colour-mood. That needs deep thought.

The pictures I saw best at the private view of the Royal Academy were moving pictures. They were not all beautiful. But my shoes were too new, and it is extraordinary how an eye for the picturesque may be influenced by cramped toes in pain. The only

pictures I enjoyed happened to be immediately opposite the only vacant seat. I spent my time trying to avoid people I had gone there to see. Recognition meant rising, and rising meant the loss of my sofa. So it came to pass that the Irrepressible, for once, was repressed. Jane got tired of staring at Glyn Philpot's "Journey of the Spirit." The greyness of it reflected too much her own mood of mute despair. The mystery of it set her longing for wings. Whichever way she

regarded it, it brought her abruptly back to her own feet. The feet of the grey figures of themselves are not inspiring. No shoes would fit them. It was a relief to find the microscopic toes of Lady Cunard trotting past—inspired toes that kept pace with her vivacious tongue. And the new shoes of Lady Islington looked, withal, comfortable, under her new Paris' frock—a white accordion-pleated chiffony soft thing with black draperies. I heard her assuring someone that her jewellery had not *all* been stolen in Paris. It was mostly little clocks and the et-ceteras that lend the personal touch to every woman's sitting-room in an hotel. Anyhow, she was not depressed. Nor was Mr. Clifford-Smith, who was gazing on pictures with a critic's eye. Someone asked him why Cadogan Cowper gave all his women sitters such brilliant pink cheeks. But his answer was most guarded. It was as well, as you never know in these days of diarists who may be listening. I listened, but the worst I heard him say was that they (the sitters) probably liked cheeks like that. Lord Lascelles was another who really seemed to be looking at the pictures. He has acquired a considerable amount of artistic knowledge, and was born with a love for the beautiful, and his large fortune gives full scope for the satisfying of all his fancies. Lady Arran, with her hair done in a new way, and wearing a high Parisian collar, was more interested in humanity itself than in portraiture. She chatted with everyone from room to room. And so did Lord St. Davids, who seems to be quite well again after his severe illness. Two American women who always enjoy everything are Lady Campden and Lady Ross. They both have a *joie de vivre* beyond the ordinary, and sparkle in quite distinct ways. They each had an indispensable male in tow at Burlington House. There were so many people coming in as I took my new shoes out, that,

in torture, I looked straight ahead, only sub-consciously realising the proximity of the Spanish Ambassador, Señor Merry del Val, and Señor Dominguez, of the Argentine Legation, and Lady Aberconway and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Henry McLaren, and Mrs. Asquith and Lord Beatty and Lord Mersey, and Sir Edward Clarke, with a yellow rose in his button-hole. And I bumped into Miss Gerry, and nearly collided with the Duchess of Buckingham; and after a hurried glance

at Lady Llangattock, Lady Helmsley, and Lady Cantelupe, I tumbled into a taxi and took off both my shoes. Since then I have been wondering whether the Academy should be revisited in bedroom slippers. Some day I shall go at lunch-time and see the pictures. Next year, perhaps, when my shoes are old.

For the first time in my life, this season, I determined to be economical. I would avoid London altogether. I would live in tennis clothes that wash, and

Panama hats, and knitted things. But I was commanded to the first Court. That meant brand-new everything. And now when I am fully equipped comes a message that the miners have stopped the party. They did not actually address her Majesty (or me), but they made it impossible. And next year my dress will be old-fashioned; and there may be no room for the first Court people at the later ones this season; and altogether I bitterly regret all the fine things I said about the British workman a week or two ago. I hope the miners will have cold, raw food till they repent, and colds in their noses till they are forced to work to recover. The only people who have enjoyed the strike have been the retired officers—specifically, the retired officers of the Household Brigade who have returned *pro tem.* to their old life and London haunts.

At lunch to-day we all discussed the divorce problems. I sat next to a young peer who himself is awaiting his decree nisi. Alas! there are so many unsettled couples that London society is never bankrupt for small talk. My young friend was not bitter. He blames the world we live in. He blames the fact that a young woman is never supposed to dance more than once with her own husband. He says young women are not vicious, only vain. They want the other women to see how many partners they can get. Even a pip-squeak of a youth they will dance with over and over again rather than spend a quarter of an hour by the wall. And the husband amuses himself with another man's wife. Or he seeks sympathy in the sub-society of women. Or he takes refuge in golf, and leaves her too free, and she finds freedom her undoing. They grow mutually bored, and the usual letter is written. It is all too simple—for Satan—and Lord Buckmaster.—IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR E. F. TICKELL, M.C.: MISS MARY VIOLET BUZARD.

Miss Mary Violet Buzard, whose engagement to Brevet-Major E. F. Tickell, M.C., R.E., son of Mr. Charles Tickell, of Eddystone, Cheltenham has been announced, is the elder (twin) daughter of Mr. Buzard, K.C. and Mrs. Buzard.—Captain Edward R. Molyneux, M.C., whose engagement to Miss Muriel Dunsmuir has recently been announced, is the well-known dress-designer, who started in business in Paris after the war, and has made such a remarkable success.—Miss Yolande Holroyd is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Holroyd, of Brocket, Maidenhead. She is to be presented this year.—[Photographs by Lafayette, Foulsham and Hanfield, Ltd., and Claude Harris.]



ENGAGED TO MISS MURIEL DUNSMUIR: CAPTAIN E. R. MOLYNEUX, M.C.



A CHARMING DÉBUTANTE OF THE YEAR: MISS YOLANDE HOLROYD.



ENGAGED TO A WELL-KNOWN DRESS-DESIGNER: MISS MURIEL DUNSMUIR WHO IS TO MARRY CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX, M.C.

Miss Muriel Dunsmuir, who is engaged to Captain Edward R. Molyneux, the young English dress-designer, who has made such a big success in Paris, is the daughter of the late Mr. James Dunsmuir, ex-Governor of British Columbia. The wedding will take place this summer, and Captain Molyneux will design his bride's wedding dress and entire trousseau.

Camera Portrait by Hoppé.

The Matinée Idol of Paris.



THE ACTOR WHO KNOCKED OUT CARPENTIER—IN A BEAUTY COMPETITION: M. ANDRE BRULÉ.

M. Andre Brulé, the handsome young actor who is appearing in a short season of French plays in London, is *the* Parisian Matinée Idol of the moment. He is also the winner of a beauty competition for

men arranged by the Parisian weekly, "Fantasio," in which he easily "knocked out" Carpentier, who was awarded the second prize.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



THE WAY OUT. By A. M. BURRAGE.

THE Marquis regarded the bent card with a frown of annoyance. "The servants are in bed," he said. "It would be useless to ring for another pack. There may be one in the top drawer of the bureau. I will look."

Vospard grinned mirthlessly. It was the grin of an ape, or the grin of a man who had hurt himself.

"Your luck will doubtless serve you equally well with any pack, M. le Marquis," he remarked.

The other chuckled and rose.

"Let us see what we can find," he said, and crossed to the bureau.

"We were well met to-day, my dear Vospard. A chance meeting with an old comrade-in-arms at a railway junction, and I benefit by the presence of a charming guest and the most delightful little game of baccarat à deux that I have had for years."

He bent over the bureau drawer, and Vospard watched him, the grin remaining fixed on his face like some strange deformity.

"The servants are in bed," he repeated below his breath. "It would be useless to ring . . . useless to ring."

The drawer was full of papers, old letters, some of the undestroyed refuse of a library. The Marquis fell to routing among the litter like a bird among leaves. Vospard, still watching him with one eye, sidled to the wall, where, among other trophies, a long Oriental dagger hung in its sheath.

Vospard's fingers closed over the hilt, and gently, gently, drew out the blade. He was still grinning, but his eyes were narrow, alert, under a puckered forehead.

"Ha!"

Vospard started violently and twisted back his wrist, so that his arm concealed the blade. He turned and screened with his back the empty sheath on the wall. But the Marquis had seen nothing. He was holding up in triumph an unopened pack of cards. He returned to the table, split open the wrapper and laid the new cards on the green baize.

"Will you cut?" he asked, smiling, with a little bow.

Vospard approached the table leisurely and with an air of detachment. When, however, he was within arm's-length of his host, a sudden lightning activity seemed to infect him. He leaped upon the Marquis like a hawk, his arm rose and fell, and the Marquis collapsed across the table without a cry or a word.

Vospard ceased to grin for a moment, and then grinned again. After all, it had been very quick and silent, almost childishly easy. The large ornate clock above the grate went on ticking out the moments in the same steady voice as before. Death had come, and the Marquis had gone, and not a sound to show that any other being in the castle had so much as stirred in his sleep. Vospard listened and was reassured. He was unconscious of any change in himself save that his sense of hearing had become suddenly very acute.

Then a movement of the body and a crash brought his heart into his mouth. All his nerves, leaping at once, jerked a cry from his lips. The body and the table had both heeled over together and lay on the floor among a litter of scattered cards.

Vospard pressed a hand over his galloping heart and laughed weakly. His nostrils were still tingling with fear, but a moment's frantic thought had shown him the cause of his alarm. The weight on the ill-balanced table had overturned it. No movement of the Marquis had wrought that sudden overthrow with its accompanying rush of noise.

Vospard became himself again. The corners of his mouth were twitching, but he was grinning once more. He pushed the fallen table on one side and regarded his victim, who now lay on his side, his head lolling upon the shoulder beneath him. From near the centre of his breast the knife-hilt protruded.

The living man dropped on one knee beside the dead, loosed a corner of the dinner-coat pinned down under the body, and felt in the breast pocket for the thick wad of notes.

"More ways than one of breaking the bank, M. le Marquis," he muttered. "You are 'baccarat,' my friend. *Bon voyage.*"

He rose up and made a little bow. Only the whites of the sightless eyes were visible, and they stared past him with the curious dignity of the eyes of a statue, as if consciously ignoring this last impertinence. Vospard shrugged his shoulders heavily and turned towards the door. Now remained only the task of finding his way out of the castle—which done, he had many hours before him to make good his escape. His passport to England was already

in his pocket. The cards he held seemed good enough to give him the game.

The room he left was at the top of a passage, itself a cul-de-sac. The Marquis had shown him over the great mediæval castle, and he had striven to memorise his way. But through such a maze of passages, staircases, and interlinked rooms had he been shown that the mere finding of his way down into the great hall promised to be no easy matter.

Creeping down the corridor like a cat, he took a turning to the left, found a narrow flight of stairs, and at the foot three passages opened out in different directions. He chose one haphazard, and it brought him straight to another staircase, leading upwards.

Vospard hesitated, and then mounted the stairs, trusting them to bring him to the main staircase, whence his way was easily found. At the top he took a turning to the right and crept down a corridor which ended in a blank wall. On the right was a door with light shining through the chinks, and sudden suspicion, amounting almost to certainty, caused him to push it open and peer inside. The table, the Marquis, and the scattered cards lay on the floor just as he had left them. Like one lost in a wilderness he had inexplicably come back to the very spot he had left.

He closed the door, muttering a curse, set off down the passage again, took the right-hand turning at the end of it and passed a gallery railing overlooking a great room below. He leaned against the railing for a moment and looked down. The moonlight poured through a row of tall windows, the middle one of which bore the family escutcheon in stained glass. The three tercel on a field of gold, with a scrolled motto beneath, lay silhouetted on the floor between the shadowed bars. Misty silver light showed up dim figures on the old arras on the walls, and gleamed on the gilt backs and legs of brocaded chairs.

Vospard recognised the room. It was the ball-room, a room in which Marie Antoinette had once made merry until morning twilight—so the Marquis had told him. Once let him find his way there, and five more minutes would suffice to see him out of this accursed castle.

But five minutes, ten minutes of fruitless wandering brought him back to a cul-de-sac, with a door on the right hand thinly edged with light. Inside, the Marquis, the table, and the cards still lay as before. A sweat of horror began to damp Vospard's hair.

"I have got little further than you, my friend," he muttered. "*Mon Dieu!* Am I condemned always to return to this accursed chamber?"

He set off once more, his nerves tingling with a sudden nightmare dread. Thoughts he would have laughed at were now vested with the power to scare him. What if some devil had been sent to guide him round and round, and back to that room time and again?—back to that room until servants came to seize him in the morning?

"I cannot find my way! Ah, *mon Dieu*, show me the way, *Diable!* must I fester here for ever?"

It echoed almost to the word a string of thoughts gliding through Vospard's mind, but it was not Vospard's voice that uttered them aloud. He knew, even after the first paroxysm of terror, that it was not his own voice. He knew that voice too well, and recognised the mincing, high-pitched accents of the man who lay dead in the library. But the sound came from the great ball-room below the gallery.

Vospard's knees gave way. His hands flew to his own throat. Even the raving voices of fear that filled his ears could not deprive him of the power to think. Below him—God in Heaven!—the blind soul of the Marquis was caught in his own plight, unable to find a way out into the night air and the infinite spaces beyond.

"The way out! *Mon Dieu*, the way out!"

A remnant of reason for a moment abated Vospard's agony of dread. He crawled to the gallery railings and looked down. The Marquis stood in the centre of the room, blotting from the floor the flung reflection of his own shield of arms. He was looking up, and strange fires seemed to be burning in his eye-sockets. He waved long arms to Vospard, and laughed the long, high, empty laugh of a devil.

"You also, *mon ami*? It is well. We shall find our way out together! Together, my friend, together!"

The room below was suddenly empty of him, but Vospard, crouching limp behind the railings, heard the sound of rushing footsteps

[Continued on page 21.]

"Up in the Hay-Mow"—on Broadway.



A BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN ACTRESS: MISS HAZEL DAWN.

Miss Hazel Dawn is a beautiful and well-known actress from the Other Side. She recently made a success on Broadway in "Up in the Hay-Mow," under the management of Mr. A. H. Woods.

Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild.

LA REINE DE L'ATTITUDE AND A



AS CLEOPATRA IN ANDRÉ GIDE'S VERSION OF "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA": MME. IDA RUBINSTEIN.



IMPERIAL EGYPT'S HEAD-PIECE
IN A MARVELLOUS

Mme. Ida Rubinstein, the famous French actress who played the lead in D'Annunzio's "Saint-Sébastien," and has been featured as the leading lady in "The Ship," the wonderful new D'Annunzio film, appeared as Cleopatra in a translation of the Shakespearean play by M. André Gide, the well-known French poet. The production was one of the most sumptuous ever seen, and worthy of a lady who is such a rich patron

MONTE CRISTO OF THE THEATRE.



NESS: MME. RUBINSTEIN
US HELMET.



ANTONY'S IMPERIOUS CHARMER: MME. RUBINSTEIN
AS CLEOPATRA.

of the arts that she has been called the Monte Cristo of the stage. She is not only an artist of talent, but is superbly beautiful, and has been described as La Reine de l'Attitude. Our pages show some of the wonderful dresses she wore as Imperial Egypt. They are as artistic as original, and suit the lissom beauty of the great actress to perfection.—[Photographs by J. Sabourin.]

The Bird-Voiced Shepherdess.



A DAINY NOTION IN THE LEAGUE: MISS JUNE KORLE, OF THE NEW OXFORD.

Miss June Korle, who appears as the dainty little Shepherdess in "The League of Notions" at the New Oxford, is not only charming in appearance, but is the possessor of a strange, sweet, high-pitched

singing voice, which absolutely resembles the call of a bird, and brings the fascination of sylvan haunts into the sophisticated precincts of the New Oxford theatre.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



FROM THE READER'S POINT OF VIEW.

BY W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



A GAIN Sir Harry Johnston engages us in a long and captivating chat. He sets out to tell us the strictly amusing story of Roger Brentham, "The Man Who Did the Right Thing," in a manner all his own. He shows us a bright little picture of bucolic Berkshire: "This was England. Was there a jollier country in the world? There was not—in 1886." And then he shows us how that idyllic land was slightly marred by the stony-minded and indestructibly virtuous Mrs. Baines, the gilded orchid Sibyl, and the follies of the Foreign Office.

Following his habit of delicious inconsequence, Sir Harry Johnston strolls about all round his plot, to our immense entertainment. When he is finished with the F.O. he throws Lucy, who is "embarking on a life of unexpected frightfulness" as the wife of John Baines, East African missionary, into the arms of Roger, a fellow-passenger on the liner. He also introduces the Bayswater Mrs. Bazzard and her gift for backstairs intrigue, discussions on missionaries, and some biological thinking which, one feels, is going to be pigeon-holed for use in Mr. Wells's "Outline of History."

Then there follows a full, rich, and alluring impression of East Africa, from insect pests to gold deposits. It is most enjoyably managed. Many of the pests and fevers are met by Lucy in the course of her honeymoon journey with John to his station at Hangodi. Some of the pests are consular and political, and stay on the coast to undermine Roger's position. Some, again, are raiding Arabs who declare war on the Germans, force Roger to go to the help of the mission stations; and ultimately kill Lucy's husband. All make a brave and stirring pageant of thrills and impressions, enlivened by the scandal of Roger wandering in the wilds with a married woman whom he happens to love.

But they discover "The Happy Valley," where idyllic Africa reigns unspoiled, where the animals have not been slaughtered by brutes with a passion for cruelty, like Sir Willoughby Patterne, and are still unafraid of man. "The Happy Valley" is the joy of their future, for though Roger is "scuppered" by scandal and his own implacable honesty, and is driven out of the Service almost into the arms of the rigorously non-moral and flippant Sibyl, he comes back to it with Lucy, and there he makes his fortune. The story, however, good though it is, is but a means of displaying the knowledge, the sound sense, the charm, and the wit of the author. It is a whole chapter of East African history visualised in a most glowing manner.

Mr. F. Morton Howard calls his book "A Man May Not Marry His Grandmother" a ridiculous story; it lives up to the accusation most pleasantly. It is what might be called a Bindle farce—that is, its fun is of the bustling and extravagant sort that chokes reality in chuckles. It is about Clarence, who so often suffered from a rush of "larkiness" to the head, and who complicates life with debts and mixed sirens.

Uncle William and George the blushing adventure up to London to rescue him from one of the latter. They are the super-innocents all abroad. They tangle up things with hilarity. They complicate life with taxi-drivers and policemen, and betting touts and the rest. They run amok in Soho, that mephitic region inhabited "by a numerous family of the surname of 'Café.'" They try to trail their Clarence through a Garden City, where the principal industry seems to be making roads. They meet actors, they burrow into the abysmal depths of newspaper offices, where they encounter the terrors of libel in the shape of a young man who gained huge damages because his "name was accidentally inserted beneath the picture of a regimental goat."

They encounter the siren, and they get mixed up with the theatre, and in the end Aunt with her basilisk nature descends on them, and they are only saved from the wrath to come by Uncle adroitly accusing her of being too good-looking. That, and the appearance of Clarence glowing with good fortune bring the brisk and racing affair to a happy and human end.

Mr. Gouverneur Morris, who has been guilty of some of the finest contemporary short stories, has written a long novel, "The Wild Goose," which might have been a very keen and very cruel satire on the American habit of divorce, had not the author taken it seriously. Francis Manners, an artist whose "work had charm, but it lacked guts," is the wild goose, who is always faithful. His wife, Diana, is beautiful and selfish, and has no sense of duty—only a sense of what she likes.

The thing she likes most is change. Ogden Fenn is the third change in affection, as her husband was her first. Like her husband, Fenn encompasses the folly of man who "for millions of years has made the mistake of sympathising with woman when she is wrong." Her husband succumbs to the other folly of man; he opposes her desire to have her own way. Between them they bring about the crisis.

It is an extraordinary crisis born of endless talk. It is talk of astonishing frankness at times, for Diana and her husband, and even Fenn, have long friendly conferences on what should best be done, and what are the neatest means of separating a wilful wife from a doting husband and handing her along to a tender lover. Francis Manners even plans his "unfaithfulness" with his wife's help, both talking with a horrible calmness and detail. They are incredible people whom even the brilliance of Mr. Morris's writing cannot make quite convincing.



TAKING A BLIND EX-GUNNER FOR A RIDE: MISS RUTH PELHAM-BURN.

Miss Ruth Pelham-Burn, who has done a great deal of work at St. Dunstan's for the blinded men, is now acting as a riding companion to men who have lost their sight. Our photograph shows her with an ex-gunner. She has his horse on a lead, so that she can control it, and both she and the men thoroughly enjoy their rides.



A BRILLIANT PIANIST READING ALOUD TO A FAMOUS ACTRESS: MR. HAROLD SAMUEL, WITH MISS MARY ANDERSON (MME. DE NAVARRO) AND HER SON.

Our photograph shows Mr. Harold Samuel, the brilliant pianist, reading aloud to Miss Mary Anderson (Mme. de Navarro) and her son in their old-world garden in Broadway, where he has been staying. He is giving a week of Bach recitals in London at the Wigmore Hall, beginning on May 30. Mme. de Navarro has, by the way, been ill, and is now in the convalescent stage.

The Man Who Did the Right Thing. By Sir Harry Johnston. (Chatto and Windus; 8s. 6d.)

A Man May Not Marry His Grandmother. By F. Morton Howard. (Holden and Hardingham; 7s. 6d.)

The Wild Goose. By Gouverneur Morris. (Unwin; 8s.)

In Society: A Quartet of Interesting Portraits.



FORMERLY MISS MARJORY CECIL HOLDRON: MRS. L. V. LLOYD, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE RECENTLY.



"TOUCAN"—A CLEVER HOUSE DECORATOR: LADY POYNTER, WIFE OF SIR AMBROSE POYNTER.



ENGAGED TO COL. W. LAMBERT, D.S.O.: LADY CHOLMELEY, WIDOW OF SIR MONTAGUE A. R. CHOLMELEY.



THE WIFE OF A GENERAL AND SISTER OF AN ADMIRAL: MRS. GEOFFREY WHITE.

Mrs. Lionel Vavasour Lloyd, whose marriage to Lieutenant Lionel Vavasour Lloyd, R.N., son of Commander Edward Lloyd, C.B., R.N. and Mrs. Lloyd, of Monkmoor, Weybridge, took place recently at St. James's, Piccadilly, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Holdron.—Lady Poynter, the wife of Sir Ambrose Poynter, the architect, has recently started business as a house decorator. She is working under the name of "Toucan," and has already done a good

deal of work.—Lady Cholmeley, whose engagement to Colonel Walter Lambert, D.S.O., 29th Lancers (Indian Cavalry), only son of the late Sir John Lambert, K.C.I.E., has been announced, is the widow of Sir Montague A. R. Cholmeley, and eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Montagu Waldo-Sibthorpe, of Canwick Hall, Lincoln.—Mrs. Geoffrey White is the wife of Major-Gen. G. H. A. White, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., the well-known amateur four-in-hand whip. She is the sister of Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair.

Girl Guide and Débutante: A Type of English Beauty.



THE DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. W. B. GLADSTONE: MISS DAPHNE GLADSTONE.

Miss Daphne Gladstone is the débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Gladstone, and one of the prettiest girls in Society. Like her mother,

she is very musical, and is also interested in the Girl Guide movement. She has a detachment of her own, and works very hard for it.

Photograph by Fenwick Cutting.

Daughter-in-Law of the Pro Grand Master.



SUCCESSFUL AS A DRESSMAKER: THE HON. MRS. JOHN RUSSELL.

The Hon. Mrs. John Russell is the wife of the Hon. John Hugo Russell, R.N., the eldest son of Lord Ampthill, who is the Pro Grand Master of the English Freemasons. She is the daughter of the late

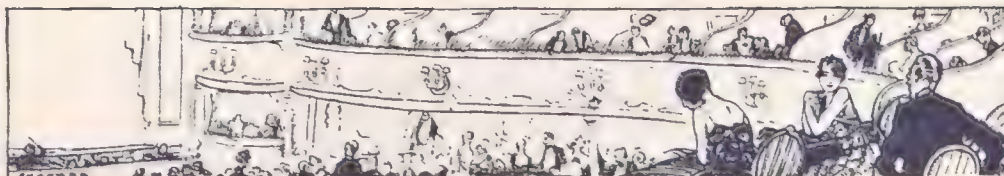
Colonel John Hart, and was married in 1918. Mrs. Russell, who is both clever and artistic, recently started a dressmaking business, and has been most successful.—[Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil.]



Reville's Studios.

A WONDERFUL CREATION BY REVILLE.

A lovely white georgette gown beautifully embroidered with black beads in Chinese pattern, with an edging of black beads round neck. This is finished with a black beaded girdle and tassels. Rville Ltd., 15, Hanover Square, W.1.



Without Prejudice

THE spirit of a nation—this, *cher public*, is what you may term an Impressive Opening, but anybody tends to write a shade in the monumental style when he quaveringly puts a convalescent's pencil to invalid paper in order to keep the gathering pack of wolves from a door beset with medical advisers and ministering angels after a healthy bout of one of those fashionable complaints which owe their popularity to Our Medical Correspondent (grapes may be sent by sympathisers, c/o Ed. *The Sketch*, up to Thursday 2 p.m., when we leave for *villeggiatura* by train, car, and wheelbarrow—or possibly (there must be lots of them at liberty) by coal-cart—the spirit of a . . . let's start another paragraph with it, shall we? It is far too good and sonorous to waste in the obscurity of an ordinary position.

The spirit of the nation, it has been justly observed, resides in its music-halls. This sage observation is not really quite such a quotation as it looks. But it acquires (doesn't it?) an added dignity, an increased impressiveness, an extra prestige from being introduced with the air of an extract from the verses of the late Lord Macaulay. And, unlike many equally solemn statements that are to be found (if you mean to go to the library, shin up a ladder and blow the fluff off the top) in the latter. Because, you know, it is Quite True.

Busy searchers in quest of the national spirit go sometimes to a people's literature. Which is invariably chock-full of laborious imitations of some other people's literature. Or they go to the theatre and make a careful study of the prevailing fashion in the Legitimate. Which is generally adapted from the French and characteristic of nothing on earth except the peculiar convention of Husband, Wife, and Odd Man Out that passes for the representation of life between the Porte Saint Martin and the Ambassadeurs.

No. If you want to feel the national pulse anywhere in Europe (one omits America, because it has probably stopped beating since they downed the Demon Drink) you must go to Varieties. Even in England, if you can manage to step into the house between the Wisconsin Shuffle-Dancers and the Manchurian Equilibrists, you will learn more about the true inwardness of the British mind in ten minutes of the British music-hall than you would glean in a cycle



EXHIBITED AT THE ACADEMY: "LADY VIOLET ASTOR," A MINIATURE BY MISS NELLIE M. HEPBURN-EDMUNDS.

Lady Violet Astor, whose miniature by Miss Nellie M. Hepburn-Edmunds, Vice-President of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, is exhibited in the Academy this year, is the wife of Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, and the sister of the present Earl of Minto.—[Copyright strictly reserved by the Artist.]



HOST AND HOSTESS FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES DURING HIS STAY IN THE SCILLY ISLES: MAJOR AND MRS. A. A. DORRIEN-SMITH.

Major A. A. Dorrien-Smith, D.S.O., and Mrs. Dorrien-Smith, whom our photographer snapped in their beautiful, tropic-like garden at Tresco Abbey, Scilly Isles, will be the host and hostess to the Prince of Wales during his stay in the islands.

Photograph by L.N.A.

of Cathay, or six months' hard labour in the West End theatres.

Same thing abroad. Only more so. Take Spain (Napoleon nearly did once, didn't he?). There you have a country which might be reasonably expected to have grown a trifle *blasé* about her national characteristics. She has exported flowered shawls and tall tortoise-shell combs for the past hundred years. Every fancy-dress ball in Europe is plastered thickly with sham Madrileñas, and no opera is complete without a mantilla. Yet if you turn into the Teatro Romea, which isn't so far from the Puerta del Sol (and *that*, in case you didn't know it, is the hub of the Madrid universe), you will see half-a-dozen turns in the full dress of Spanish femininity—comb, mantilla, *manton de Manila*, and all the rest of it.

And the best of them, positively verging on European importance, will be (if you are lucky in the evening of your visit) a large, dashing, *piquant* young lady named Carmen Flores, "*en sus creaciones*," which consist of an entirely admirable series of semi-comic songs dealing with national types in a dazzling set of national costumes. Not that their purpose is educational. No. They are not designed solely for the education of the inquiring foreigner. At least, not for his education in Spanish costume. Because they are highly pointed. And helped out by the incomparable Señorita Flores with a reminiscent smile which Marie Lloyd would have envied fifteen years ago. Yes. That astonishing young lady can make the point of a highly Spanish joke penetrate your Anglo-Saxon exterior by the international Esperanto of facial expression. A great artist, *messieurs dames*, and you hadn't heard of her, had you?

One really wishes that some of our questing Grossmiths, Laurillards, Cochrans, Charlots, *et hoc genus omne*, whose perpetual boast it is that they range the world in search of talent for us, would make the discovery of Miss Carmen Flores of Madrid. She would enliven a British revue more than the rather second-rate importations with which we, always hungry for cosmopolitanism, sometimes put up. And she would knock the much-noised, mildly entertaining Miss Raquel Meller into a cocked hat or so. Perhaps one day they will find out about her. Let us hope so.



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MRS. P. TEER (before Sir William Orpen's "The Chef"): Teery, we must 'ave our cook done!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

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IF you wish to combine economy with refinement you should write for the Namrit pattern bunch. In this you will find delightful scope for personal good taste in frocks, as lasting in their charm of design and color as in actual serviceable wear.

Namrit achieves a new standard in cotton voiles. Its dainty colors are obtained by the famous Tobralco process, and are therefore absolutely fast; like the graceful fabric itself they lose nothing by frequent washing. The name is always on every yard of selvedge to guarantee you full satisfaction.

See the patterns, and you will choose Namrit for your own and your children's summer dresses.

4/11

per yard, double width, (40 inches), in a wide range of Self-White, Self-Colors, Black, and Printed Designs, guaranteed indelible. See name on selvedge.



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TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE COMPANY LIMITED, MANCHESTER.



IT has been said, with some injustice, that if you turn to a description of the Salon, the real Salon, the Salon de la Société des Artistes Français, of twenty years ago, you will encounter precisely the same names, precisely the same subjects, precisely the same pictures! This cannot be altogether true, because the Salon brings itself up to date by its portraits. Twenty years ago you would not have had M. Millerand and M. Briand and Marshal Foch—there are two or three Fochs—all exposed together. There are, indeed, enough generals at the Salon to lead immense armies; enough politicians to form a complete Cabinet! There is a monument to M. Clemenceau. The leader of the French Bar, Maître Henri Robert, is here. There is a gathering of all the notabilities of the day.

I should put M. Leon Bonnat, though now aged, at the head of the portraitists. M. Ferdinand Humbert is, however, equally good, and seems to be extraordinarily active. His portraits of women are excellent. Among the best fashionable artists must be put M. Henri Jacquier, who has *tableaux* of the Comtesse de Montebello and her son, and also of the Comtesse de Coulombiers. There is also M. Schommer, who is justly appreciated, and M. Déchenaud of the younger school. Then there is M. François Flameng, a most elegant painter of the fair sex. As for M. Pierre Laurens, he is specially interesting. But I cannot enumerate even the portrait-painters, who are more numerous and busier than ever in Paris just now. Everybody seems to be having his or her portrait painted.

French women, more than any women in the world, know how to adapt their form to the exigencies of fashion.

Is it the mode to be plump and built on ample lines? Then Frenchwomen will be plump. Is it, as it has been for some years, the proper thing to be *svelte*? Then Frenchwomen will have the charm of slenderness. I do not know how far these physical changes are real and how far they are merely a matter of clothes; but you may, if you please, surprise Frenchwomen at this moment in the very act of transforming their feet.

It is the influx of American women that is the cause of this modification. All American women seem to have the longest, narrowest feet, and their shoes taper to the finest point. Frenchwomen, on the contrary, have hitherto had short feet, which they encased in fairly round-shaped shoes. But somehow, after laughing a little at the long-pointed American shoes, Frenchwomen are beginning to wear them. I can only presume that we are witnesses of one of those physical alterations of which the Parisienne knows the secret.

What effect the *concours*, which is now opened, for the discovery of the French girl with the best-shaped foot will have upon this tendency I cannot predict. It is a somewhat similar competition to that which was organised, I seem to remember, by an English newspaper some time ago. But the name of "Cinderella's Slipper," which has been given to the *tournoi*, is surely not quite exact. It is not a question of finding the smallest French foot, but the most harmoniously designed, the best proportioned—the foot of a French Trilby. It is the Princesse Murat who is the President of the jury, on which figure Mme. Marthe Chenal, the cantatrice; M. André de Fouquières, the arbiter of the mode; Sem, the caricaturist; and Van Dongen, the painter.

Since the war we have been engaged in a perpetual search for the superlative. We have determined what is the best in almost everything. It has been decided who is the best poet, who is the best novelist; who is the best painter. It has been laid down who is the prettiest woman in France. There is officially the best dressed man. No doubt has been left about who has the best shaped legs. Shortly we shall know who has the most elegant foot.



A WELL-KNOWN DRESS-DESIGNER AND HIS WIFE AT THE SALON:
"M. AND MME. PAUL POIRET," BY E. GARCIA BENITO.

Benito's portrait of M. Poiret, the famous Parisian dressmaker, and his wife is now on view at the Paris Salon, and has aroused considerable interest. The extreme simplicity of Mme. Poiret's sheath-like dress is particularly attractive; but whether her husband designed it is a secret which has not been divulged.

Photograph by Vizzazona.

the idea is interesting. An afternoon toilet may include a bolero of taffetas, with lace showing through the opening. In order to dress herself more elegantly the wearer has only to undress—that is to say, she takes off her taffetas bolero and her taffetas skirt and appears in a gown of ivory lace. Again, the original costume may be a tailor-made. The jacket can be taken off to leave a panelled skirt. By an ingenious contrivance the *panneaux* can be removed, leaving the simplest little gown.

The changes can be rung in this way. The idea can be varied to infinity. If a dress is too *decolletée* for a little dinner, a big lace collar may be attached, which may afterwards be removed for the opera or for a ball. Moreover, dresses are being made that can be worn either way—the back in front or the front at the back. As the ornamentation is totally different, the effect is completely changed. If you ask me, however, what is the practical value of these ingenious contrivances, I confess I am puzzled to reply.—SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

Talking of transformations, Madame has just informed me that the latest device of the *couturiers* is a single robe which may be worn in two or three ways, and thus constitutes three robes in itself. She pretends that the method is economic. Of that I am not at all sure. These innovations which Madame finds are always declared to be economic, but generally result in further expenditure. However,

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PLACE BETTING

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LOST TELEGRAMS PAID IN FULL

Clients attending Racecourses
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"Douglas Stuart has stood the test of time and of honesty. He can still proudly point to an old 'Sporting Times' testimony that 'Duggie Never Owes'."



THE "SHARRY" SEASON BOOM. By GERALD BISS.

THE charabanc season has indeed been let loose upon us in full force, aided by the sunshine and the coal strike. The make-shift "Two Thousand" and "One Thousand" day, a telescoped meeting in miniature, showed it in full measure and running over—not pedestrians, but the limits of our not yet Geddesianised roads; and now, if ye be amongst the ranks of the motorless, all you have to do is to walk out of your own front door and book to anywhere from Tooting to Timbaktu. Brighton is nowadays as humdrum to sharrybanksters as to pioneer motorists, and all coast towns are over-

run not only from near at hand, but from the furthest ends of our circumscribed little island. Circular tours from three to thirty days offer greater adventurers with longer leisure and deeper pockets a wider choice: from Westminster to Aberdeen, for example, doing England and Scotland *en route*, scientifically planned routes, and everything carefully arranged at an inclusive charge down to your lunch at York, your dinner menu in Edinburgh, and your breakfast fare at Ecclefechan or Auchterless, or wherever it may so'hap to be—according to programme.

To Switzerland
by Sharrybang.

I doubt not
that one can
fare from

Land's End to John o' Groats by sharrybang at a fixed fee, or this famous trip would promptly be arranged upon demand, by some controller of sharrys, leaving Piccadilly Circus at a nice convenient after-breakfast hour, touching at Land's End in due course, and so to the far North, and back to old London by a different route. And so forth as you please, only Ireland being

SAFETY FIRST BY A SPOOL MAP: THE NEW MILEOMETER AUTOMATIC ROAD GUIDE FOR MOTORISTS.

The new Mileometer Automatic Road Guide is fixed to the dash and driven off the front wheels, unwinding the spools, that keep pace with the car. These charts warn the driver of all dangers ahead, and keep him to the right road.—[Photograph by I.B.]

unfairly barred, owing to such minor details as ambushes, Marco-Curtian rifts in the high road, and similar disconcerting trifles. Only last Saturday a far-afield sharry of high adventure, a true pioneer of enterprise, left High Holborn after lunch, its tank and accommodation both well filled, to vie with Hannibal of old in conquering the giddy Alps. To Brighton for the last doss in old England, and on after breakfast to Newhaven and across to Dieppe, whence across France by Amiens and Rheims to Chaumont, *en route* by Bâle for Berne, and thence the Alps—with special brakes to make assurance doubly sure, like signing the *Daily Mail* coupon. Just think of it! Why have a car in these days of communal automobilism? Some, of course, still prefer the season in town to the sharry on tour, but that is doubtless their bad taste; and, in the first whirl of this daily increasing carnival of charabancs and riot of road monsters, one is tempted quakingly to ask whether in time to come, or even this year of grace in one-per-cent. solution, our very expensive highways will be fit either for heroes or for autos. Obviously, it will be no good going to Switzerland for rest or quiet or room to motor, as already such demands of older automobilism have been anticipated. I have always so far held an altruistic brief for the sharry, but I am now beginning to question, not very deep down in my inner consciousness, how far it be an unmixed

blessing for motors who cumber the road less bulkily. The ordinary car, however carefully driven, if not already, will soon be in grave danger of becoming a sharry sandwich, and ere long we may all perforce take to sharrybanging ourselves out of sheer self-protection.

An Ancient from the Iron Age.

From time to time really interesting old cars of the past crop up; and in last week's *Autocar* I came across the illustration of one which was actually illustrated and described in our elder brother the *Illustrated*

London News in 1860. This sixty-year-old steamer was a most valiant old road-puffer, built and driven by the Earl of Caithness of that date; and it has been brought to light again through an old letter to his father from the Earl which Captain N. G. Macalister recently found amongst some old papers. In it Lord Caithness, who does not seem to have been troubled by red flags, speed-limits, or police interference (probably being monarch of all he surveyed and a law unto himself in the vicinity of Barrogill Castle) boasts that he can do nineteen miles per hour—with iron tyres!—on the level, and tackle gradients of one-in-six without fear or favour. This ancient developed 9 h.p. (no tax in those days!), and could carry four, his Lordship at the tiller, and a stoker behind. He calculated the cost of running at a bawbee a mile, carrying water for ten or twelve and coal for twenty-five or thirty miles; and, as he pawkily puts it in the letter, "it is much cheaper than a horse, as it only *eats* when it is going." It originally cost Lord Caithness £230, and, as he is going to the more civilised south and cannot use it there, he offers it to Captain Macalister's father at that figure, with a confident recommendation, expressing himself as sure that he would like it if he had it. Why, two years ago, in the boom, I believe that it would have fetched more—such a trifle in those top-sawing days for anything horseless upon wheels! What an extraordinary example in prejudice that for over half-a-century the combustion engine should have been kept off the roads—in the interests of horse-breeding—after steam carriages were careering round the Park at thirty miles per hour in the 'thirties!



FITTING A NEW SPOOL MAP TO THE MILEOMETER: A SIMPLE OPERATION.

The Mileometer, the latest invention for the comfort and safety of the motorist, is very simple to handle. Our photograph illustrates the method of inserting a new spool map. It is a precisely similar operation to that of putting a new film in a Kodak,

Photograph by I.B.



ASSEMBLED FOR A CRICKET MATCH: A FINE CROWD OF CARS.

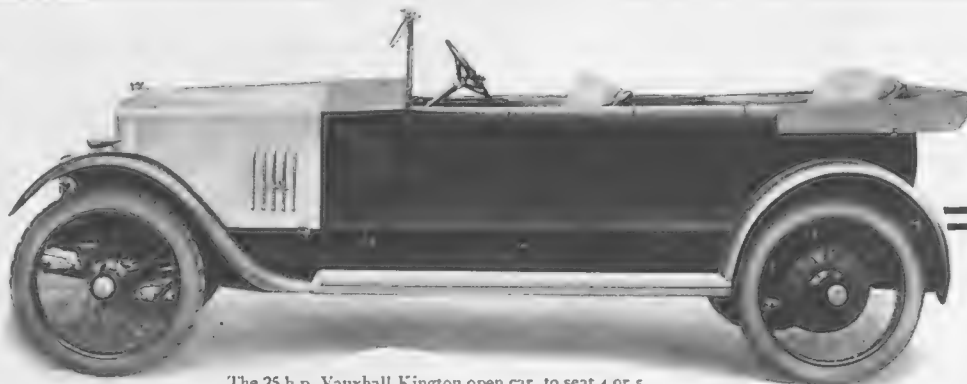
This lordly park of cars shows the number of "motor people" who attended the match between the Australians and Leicester, which took place recently at Leicester.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

A £500,000 Second-Hand Auto.

Prices for cars, however, seem to be pretty stiff in Russia at the moment—on paper, at any rate—according to the story told the other day to R. J. Macredy, the editor of the *Motor News*, by a war correspondent. Wishing to investigate a bit of scrapping some two hundred miles away, and the railways being tabu, he managed under the rose to buy a sadly battered old auto sans upholstery for five million roubles, nominally £500,000. However, upon his return he traded it off for six millions, making a profit of a million roubles! But it only represented £50 cash, and he actually made a "tenner" profit out of his deal after getting his scoop.

25 h.p. Vauxhall-Kington
open car, complete ... £1,100
30-98 h.p. Vauxhall-Velox
open car, complete ... £1,300

25 h.p. Vauxhall chassis,
fully equipped ... £800
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The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd

Through a Glass Lightly

THE man who invented the art of procrastination has never been sufficiently thanked—or blamed.

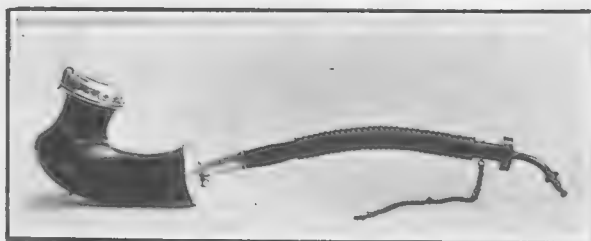
A dear old Scotch lady, of particularly puritanical persuasions, paid a visit to her daughter who lived in London, and who was married to an artist. Now, it was an accepted fact that, on Sunday evenings, that artist's house was the Mecca of a number of what are known as Bohemians, who foregathered there on account of the music, the fun, and the refreshment. On the evening of the first Sunday night that mother-in-law sat up for the "at home," there came to the house a distinctly boisterous party of music and dance lovers, some of whom played the piano, some of whom sang, and some of whom devoted their energies to the manipulating of the gramophone. The old lady sat back in a dim corner of the drawing-room, shocked and surprised to silence by the sound of such ribald revelry on the Sabbath. But the revelry went on. Then a clock struck midnight. On the last stroke of twelve the old lady got up, took a seat nearer the piano, where a comedian was at the time "projecting" a number, and, wreathed in smiles, arms comfortably folded, she softly murmured: "Thank God it's after midnight. Now ye c'n all get on with it, an' no hardship for mesel'."

Idealism: To the indolent, a haven; to the active, a rock.

Lying awake from 2 a.m. until 3 a.m. gives a man as much psycho-analysis as he wants in a lifetime.

A man, trying to get over the effects of a somewhat hefty party the night before, walked into a building which he mistook for a place where he could get what he wanted. He asked a pretty young lady standing behind a mahogany counter for a glass of beer. The young lady explained that the place was not a public-house but a bank. He apologised and went out, muttering something about his innate dislike of banks. Some two hours later, in the course of his wanderings in search of content, he lurched into the same bank. Again he put his same request to the same lady, who said: "I told you, Sir, some time ago—this is not a public-house." By this time he was less amenable, and he said: "Then wotizh 'splace?" The sweet reply came: "This place is a bank." Annoyed almost to tears, he stumbled out with: "What! Another bally bank? I'm wrecked."

Two negroes of a decidedly black variety met in the streets of New York after many years of absence. The one was indigent and ragged, and his exchequer would as soon buy him the Woolworth Building as it could buy a "follow" plate of "ham-and."



A PIPE WHICH WAS SMOKED ON PARADE: A GERMAN MEERSCHAUM PRESENTED TO AN OFFICER BY THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

This pipe, which was exhibited at the Tobacco Exhibition, was presented to an officer of the Prussian Army by the King, and was smoked on parade, as in those days officers were allowed to indulge in the weed when they were on the parade ground.—[Photograph by S. and G.]



SMOKED ON THE SCAFFOLD: SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S PIPE AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL.

One of the most interesting exhibits at the Tobacco Exhibition was Sir Walter Raleigh's strange-looking pipe. He smoked it on the scaffold, and as he laid his head on the block, handed it to Bishop Andrews.—[Photograph by S. and G.]



WELLINGTON, NAPOLEON, AND BLÜCHER WELL COLOURED: OLD MEERSCHAUM PIPES AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL.

Our photograph shows three fine specimens of old meerschaum pipes representing Wellington, Napoleon, and Blücher, exhibited at the Horticultural Hall Tobacco Exhibition.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

But his coloured brother had done well. He was "some" success. His clothes were of the gaudiest, and jewels sparkled about him, scintillating through the smoke of a big, banded cigar from which he puffed swiftly pursuing aromatic clouds. But he remembered his old friend of boyhood and said: "Why, kid, wharrer you gone an' done? Are you jest done gone broke? Cos' say, if heff-a-dollar 's any good to you, lemme know." The indigent one said he hadn't the price of a sandwich. The Cræsus, dipping his fist into a pocketful of money, pulled out a handful which contained every kind of coin except a half-dollar. Finally he produced a dollar-

piece and, flauntingly passing it to the penurious one, said: "See, niggah, Ah ain't got no heff-dollar. But you c'n have this 'ere 'ole dollar, an' never mind no change." Grabbing his food and lodging, the other said: "Whay! you great big chief. Yo' th' only niggah Ah knows as c'n be called a reg'lar white man. An' yo' arc."

Origin of the word Whitsun: Why—it's sun!

If appearances were not admittedly so deceitful, it would be difficult to convince the intelligent foreign visitor to one of our national holiday resorts that England's emblem is *not* the patient, long-suffering aspidistra.

He thought he saw a man of law
Who gave advice away.

He looked again and found it was
The eve of quarter-day.

"If I don't pay the rent," he said.
"There 'll be the deuce to pay."

In a little Welsh village, two men lived next door to each other, and they both bore that same uncommon and unmistakable name—Jones. But the one was John Jones and the other was James Jones. John Jones was an honest working man who paid his bills and lived at peace with the village, and so with the world. James Jones was of a different type; that is all. But such are the workings of

fate that it was John who was always being worried by James's troubles. One day a Welsh commercial traveller called, as usual, for the payment of an account at the wrong house. Mrs. John Jones answered the door and, on hearing the mission of the visitor, exclaimed: "'Aven't I told all the ol' people that do come 'ere after that James Jones all the day and night long that James Jones don't live 'ere. So there! Kerra diawl!" The door was slammed in his face, and after waiting a moment, the traveller knocked at the door again. Mrs. Jones reappeared in a fury. The traveller merely said: "Well, who th' 'ell did say as 'e did?" and bolted. SPEX.



The Dolly Sisters, wearing the wonderful fancy-dress costume, representing Ciro Pearls, in which they gained the First Prize at the Warriors' Day Ball, Covent Garden.

The Dolly Sisters

WHOSE CLEVER AND CHARMING PERFORMANCES HAVE SO ENDEARED THEM TO THE THEATRE-GOING PUBLIC AND ACHIEVED FOR THEM SUCH A BRILLIANT SUCCESS AT THE NEW OXFORD THEATRE—WRITE US AS FOLLOWS:—

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“WE wish to congratulate you on the excellence of your pearls. Have compared them with a very valuable string of genuine pearls and they were so identical that only the different clasps enabled us to distinguish one from the other.

The low prices you are charging for your necklets and their absolute resemblance to the genuine, must surely stop people buying real pearls.”

(Signed) DOLLY SISTERS.

A ROW OF PEARLS IS ESSENTIAL TO EVERY WOMAN'S DRESS.

Ciro Pearls

only, are worth consideration, alike to those who, already possessing real ones, desire duplicates, and to those who realise the extravagance of purchasing the real. Ciro Pearls are worn without fear of detection and the price is within the reach of all.

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On receipt of One Guinea, we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 10 in. long, or a ring, brooch, ear-rings, or any other jewel mounted with Ciro Pearls (complete with case). If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within seven days and we will refund your money.

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COCKAYNE

VANITIES



Blouse Topics. This is a tale of blouses and woolly coats, of short blouses and longer ones, of woolly sweaters and the real sports coat beloved of the athletic woman—above all, it is a tale of reduced prices; and what with the industrial situation, coal stocks rapidly diminishing at the moment of writing, and other equally cheerful events taking place, no doubt we'll all be delighted to know of the existence of coats and sweaters and things of that kind at prices that are within the reach of everyone, even those whose dress allowances are of modest dimensions.

This Week. Any time is blouse-buying time at Harrods, Ltd., Brompton Road, S.W., but this week is the best time at which to invest in a few models if you happen to need them. The reason is simply this. A "special" blouse week is in progress to demonstrate how effectively economy and *chic* may be combined in a blouse model; and, of course, as every woman

knows, to seize opportunities of this kind as they occur is one of the secrets of good dressing. For the guidance of those who read this page, Ella Fulton has sketched two blouses. They were selected from a host of others equally attractive; and since prices range from 10s. 11d. for white voile models to guineas for elaborate evening jumpers destined for afternoon wear or for the theatre, it is easy to realise that every woman can reckon on finding what she wants.

Details. As to details, the shorter of the two blouses is of blue georgette, and is, as you see, of the new casaquin shape that is worn outside the skirt and is gathered into a piping of a contrasting colour over the hips and across the back. The beads in this case are red, but they might quite well have been steel. In fact, most "beady" decorations are of steel these days, and there is no end to the

The most comfortable thing in which to golf is a golf coat.

variety of designs that the painstaking artist evolves in order that women of all tastes shall have something that satisfies their requirements. Thus you may have a shortish over-blouse in crimson georgette with grouped steel beads decorating the front, and a narrow binding of grey satin outlining the hem; or you may choose instead a jade-green model in stockinet, the whole surface of which is worked in a lattice-and-loop design, again with steel beads. You may wear either an over-blouse or jumper that reaches no further than your waist; and whether it's of crêpe-de-Chine, or georgette, or silk stockinet, the odds are all in favour of its being adorned with beads of the kind to which I have referred. On the other hand, because Fashion is no believer in coercion, you can find other forms of trimming if you look for them. Thus, that long jumper blouse illustrated to-day is of black georgette, and the embroidery is carried out in rather long jet beads as well as gold ones, the latter being used for the flowers; and, if only space permitted, the whole page could be filled with lengthy notes on blouse beauties.



Of alpaca wool, it has coloured stripes down the front.



The blouse in its newest form.

for the asking. One wouldn't, of course, venture to dictate to the sensitive-skinned beings already referred to; but they might, perhaps, find an experiment in an alpaca wool sweater or coat very well worth while.

Golf Coats. Presumably it was some far-sighted golfer who was the first to realise the comfortable possibilities of the loose, knitted woollen coat, and thus to give the name to the comfortable garment that even the popular jumper has not succeeded in ousting from its place in the feminine heart. The attractive example sketched by Ella Fulton is in copper-coloured wool, the revers and lower portion showing a raised check, with bars of orange by way of varying the colour-scheme. But what is so nice about this particular department at Harrods is the fact that one can see any number of models, so that if copper-and-yellow does not suit your complexion, something else very surely will. If you prefer silk, silk you can have; and though only one cape wrap is sketched on this page, do not take that as an indication that capes lack variety. They don't. Ella Fulton could have sketched dozens, but there was only room for one.



Grace in capes in terms of soft wool.

A Tale of Shirts. It's never safe to prophesy in the dress world. La Mode is a contrary sort of creature, and is just as likely as not to change her mind merely because some credit her with an affection for some particular garment. So, without further remarks on their merits, let's just mention that shirt blouses are still in favour, and that Harrods are making them in every material. You think the plain silk with striped collars are attractive until you see others of rich crêpe-de-Chine; later your loyalty to both is severely tried by reason of the presence of models in soft georgette; "Japhan" blouses call to you on the score of economy, though if you finally fall a victim to certain very special productions in crêpe-de-Chine just because they happen to be 27s. 6d., it's certain that the sternest economist could hardly find it in his heart to censure you too severely.

Poor, Dear Things! There are people in this world who still proudly tell you that they simply "can't bear wool next my skin, my dear." Poor, dear, sensitive creatures! It's impossible to help feeling sorry for them. In a world that will, and wisely, persist in wearing jumpers, and coats, and cloaks and things of that kind, made of pure wool, what must their feelings be, especially if they belong to the class of beings that must look "smart!" and be "in the fashion" at all costs?

Beauty in Stripes. There is that stripey sweater, for instance. At Harrods it is made of the soft alpaca wool that is both warm and light, and therefore justly popular. The sketch model was in jade-green, with beige-and-mauve and rust-coloured stripes; but other colour combinations are to be had



This model of black georgette is trimmed with black and gold.

Gorrings

Distinctive Blouse Robes

Two of the many new and inexpensive designs now being shown in the Blouse Robe Salons.

K. 118.—An original design in Cotton Voile. Lined throughout Jap Silk to match. The gracefully arranged drapings at hips are embroidered in the new Cornelly stitching, as are also the round neck and three-quarter sleeves, in colours to tone or contrast with the Robe. In Nigger, Navy, Saxe, Grey, Peacock, Champagne £4:19:6 or Black.

K. 119.—Charming Blouse Robe in figured Cotton Voile, with becoming collar forming long rever of self material, and inner crossover vest of hemstitched net. The skirt has side panels, giving the effect of an overskirt, edged with rouleaux of Voile, as also are the collar and cuffs. Smart ribbon belt. Bodice lined net. In many delightful designs and colours 75/-

Outsize 87/6



K. 118

K. 119

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S.C 61



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S.C 61.

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Race Gown in best quality Taffeta, the skirt having long full tunic trimmed with frayed ruches of own silk, the bodice cut coatee fashion and opening to show a dainty georgette front finished with long roll collar also of georgette. In navy, brown, black, and a few light colours. Price 7½ Gns.



Very comfortable fitting patent leather shoe with paste buckle, suitable for afternoon or evening wear. Price 39/6

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CHARMING FROCK (as sketch) in broderie anglaise, of fine white Organdi, embroidered in cherry red; the bodice daintily trimmed insertion and tiny tucks, entirely hand sewn.

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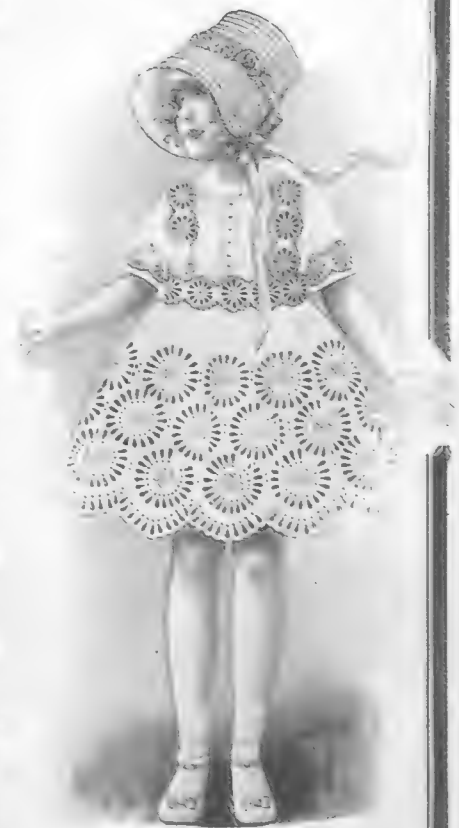
BONNET in black and white striped crinoline, trimmed tiny poppies, and lined under brim with lace. 79/6

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WASH FROCK in heavy-weight Crêpe-de-Chine with coloured stripes on cream ground; simple becoming bodice, finished with black ribbon bow and straps of self-material. Full well-cut skirt with straps to match bodice.

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SWIMMING SUIT (as sketch) in pure silk Milanese, regulation shape with V-neck and short sleeves. In black, navy and a variety of colours.

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KIMONA BEACH WRAPPER (as sketch) in good quality towelling in self colourings of rose, blue, mauve and yellow, or with striped collar and cuffs.

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THE BERGIUS LAUNCH & ENGINE CO., Ltd. DOBBIES LEAN,
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WHEN all is said, there is nothing to beat a black shoe for taste and simple distinction in footwear. Such a shoe as the one illustrated, in soft, dull black velveta calf, will go well with any costume or gown for all outdoor purposes, and, being a Norvic welted shoe, it fits and feels as though made to measure.

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*Lightens your labour,
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A better Cigarette is beyond the art of Cigarette making

Piccadilly Virginia Cigarettes appeal to the Connoisseur, to the man or woman who is as particular in the choice of a cigarette as in the vintage and bouquet of a wine.

The Choicest Virginian Leaf that comes to this country is alone used in making Piccadilly Cigarettes, and they are hand-made by the highest paid and most skilful cigarette makers.

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BURBERRYS 10 GN. SUITS

If you are fastidious about style—material—workmanship—finish—BURBERRYS' 10 GN. SUITS—Lounge or Sporting Models—will instantly appeal to you, as they represent the highest value in every detail.

The materials are the finest quality English and Scotch All-Wool Tweeds, Suitings and Flannels, in the latest Summer colourings and patterns.

14½ GNS. FOR 10

14½ Guineas is the normal price for these suits, and the only reason for offering them at 10 is that, owing to Overseas orders having been cancelled, larger stocks of Summer cloths are on hand than the Home trade justifies.

GOOD FOR THE BUYER

Stocks are useless unless they can be sold. A large proportion would find a ready sale at full price. But, for every man who can afford to pay 14½ Gns., a hundred will willingly pay 10 for a suit.

Burberrys offer these Suits in two forms, viz.: Ready-to-Wear or to measure with fittings, 10 Guineas. Cash on or before completion of order.

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Camera Study
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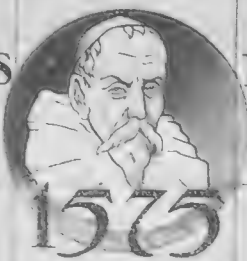


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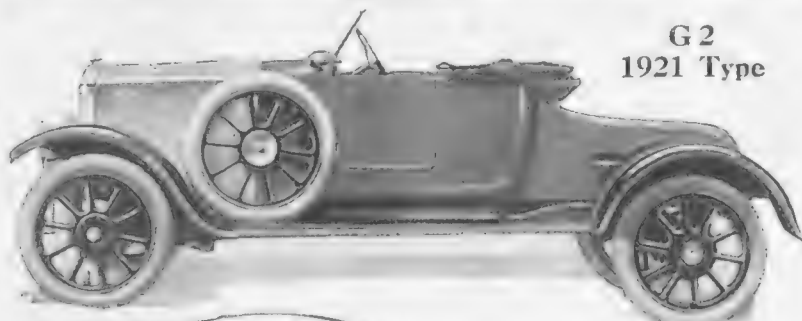
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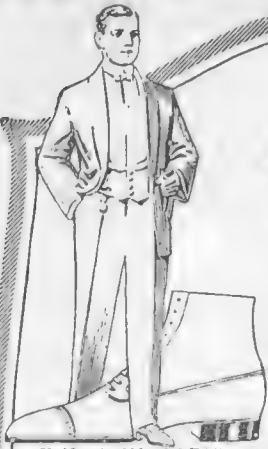
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Prestige

Fashion demands smartness; Commonsense—durability. They meet in Walk-Over footwear. The prestige of this famous brand is such that though we are lowering the price we cannot afford to lower the quality. Mass production is bringing the cost

down, and skilled workmanship is consistently maintaining the prestige of Walk-Over.

Special attention given to Orders received by Post.

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Try an "all over" Shampoo with a Sorbo Sponge

YOU know how cool and refreshed your head feels after shampooing. A bath with a Sorbo Sponge gives you the same delightful sensation all over. You can use plenty of soap—it improves the Sorbo Sponge.

Sorbo Sponges look like the finest-quality sea-sponges, but cost less than half.

Ask your Chemist to show you one.

Sorbo sponge

THE MOST ABSORBENT RUBBER SPONGE

Wherever Sponges are sold you can get SORBO Sponges in the following sizes: No. 1, 1/6; No. 2, 2/6; No. 3, 3/6; No. 4, 5/-; Bath Sizes, No. 4R, 7/6; No. 5, 10/6.

Wholesale only: SORBO RUBBER-SPONGE PRODUCTS, Ltd., 24, Walbrook, London, E.C.4. Telegrams: "Osorbeau, London."



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before you have your hair permanently waved. Watch the mechanical perfection of the Eugène combined electrical heaters. Observe the painstaking skill of the operator and the gradual transformation of the straight hair into soft, becoming waves. Then you will understand why the Eugène process has been adopted by over 90 per cent. of the leading coiffeurs in Great Britain and France, and is used more extensively throughout the whole world than all other so-called inventions combined. It ensures successful results automatically. That is why

ladies come regularly every six months to have their newly-grown hair waved, so delighted are they with the previous treatments.



Film exhibitions daily from 11 to 12 noon and from 3 to 4 p.m. at our Grafton Street Headquarters. Demonstrations with live models all day. Illustrated booklet sent post free on request.

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Eugène Ltd.



TALES WITH A STING—THE WAY OUT.—[Continued from p. 208.]

upon stairs. Terror, which had deprived him of his strength, now gave it back to him. He uttered one long, shrill scream and ran, and as he ran he heard footfalls, gaining, gaining. . . .

Blindly he turned the corner of a passage and realised in a sudden intenser agony of despair that he was in the cul-de-sac, that he was being driven back into that room—that room. . . .

He turned to bay outside the door, but the blazing eyes of his pursuer melted the cornered rat's courage which had arisen in him. Inside the room, however, the flame leaped up again. From behind his bared teeth came the snarl of a wild beast. He crouched with hooked fingers, spitting curses, the light of madness in his staring eyes. . . .

"Oh, wicked one, wicked one! To choose to-night of all nights to break out of thy comfortable suite of rooms—to-night, when thy twin brother, M. le Marquis, entertains a guest! What will thy brother say to me, and what will M. Vospard think?"

The old major-domo, clad in a mauve dressing-gown and shivering in many draughts, laid a firm hand on the madman's shoulder. The other knew him and became docile. He laughed like a naughty boy, and his laugh—like his appearance—was exactly similar to that of M. le Marquis.

"Think you that M. le Marquis wishes all the world to know that his brother is so afflicted? Come with me, little one. Doubtless M. Vospard is retired. We will go and make our amends."

The madman laughed shrilly as the old servant pushed open the door. He laughed the more on hearing the hoarse scream that rang out.

"Thy brother! Thy brother! Oh, wicked one, thou hast killed thy brother!"

The maniac stole in after him, grinned at the old man who stood, white-faced, wringing his hands, and pointed a lean index-finger to a far corner of the room where Vospard lay, the backs of his hands over his eyes, and his hooked fingers, claw-like, pointing outwards. It was very easy to see, one would have said, that the shock of witnessing the crime had killed M. Vospard.

But the dead men could not speak, and he who knew all—the new Marquis—had already forgotten. Regardless of the old man's moans and cries, he bent over the body of his brother, gathered up some of the cards and chuckled over them.

"She is a pretty woman, Pierre—the Queen of Clubs," he said.

THE END.



OPEN-AIR DANCING AMID FLOWERING TREES: A TYPICAL SCENE IN MADEIRA.

Madeira offers many delights as a Society playground, for dancing, bathing, lawn-tennis, and other pastimes may be indulged in. May, June, and July are specially pleasant months there, and many Society people are patronising the Reids Palace Hotel, where the outdoor afternoon dances take place. The Royal Mail and Union Castle Lines are contemplating the issue of special return tickets to the island, and a new golf course is also under consideration.—[Photograph by Perestrel's and Sons.]

morning dress and in evening dress, and there is a list of the order in which all Orders, decorations and medals should be worn. The volume is profusely illustrated with fine coloured plates.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.



NARCISSUS

CREATIONS

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE THOUGHT.

All the most beautiful things in life are inarticulate. The most wonderful books remain unwritten. The most wonderful plays remain unspoken. The most wonderful dreams remain uncaptured. What is the reason for this delicate silence? Should the true artist waste the golden hours of life on the writing of a word, whilst in possession of the youth which enables him to love and to live? Should the energy of the fine emotions be prostituted to a pen, whilst the arms are yearning to capture some real creation?

THE WORD.

The illusive millennium always remains on an ever-distant horizon. We merely exist in a savagely commercial age, an age in which we are compelled to work to provide a material minimum. And if we are fortunate we are rewarded by an occasional kiss from Life.

None of us to-day can afford to be anything but materialistic. Materialism is the only thing understood or accounted of value. But if we are constrained to struggle in this pestilential morass we must concede to it no more than necessity compels.

Materialism has laid its slimy trail on creative literature and has made niggard of us all.

THE DEED.

And so to-day Commerce is niggardly with her fruits to you and to me. This House should really charge a unique figure for its material creations. But that figure would be beyond the capacity of the majority, whose spending powers have been over-reached.

Therefore, since trade has been maintained, the charges have been reduced to mere production costs. And at the end of 1921 my Income Tax return will represent a complete simplicity. Nought from nought leaves nothing.

This is a sad fact for me and the Chancellor. But I hope we are both sportsmen.

Virtue is, on rare occasions, rewarded, and this sacrifice of profits will create a wonderful good will for Pope and Bradley. Which is really an original thing to create in these days of universal bad will.

The following prices, which will be maintained throughout the year, are actually quoted at cost. This may sound like a beautiful lie, but to me it is a disturbing truth. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Overcoats from £8 8s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
2, 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C.
ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER



"The Gathering of the Clan."

Historical Note:—The Highland Chieftains portrayed are wearing the Davidson tartan—Dawson and Davidson are synonymous, the one being a time-worn rendering of the other.

From the original Painting in the possession of Messrs. Peter Dawson, Ltd., Glasgow, proprietors of the famous 'P.D.' Scotch—a whisky of Historic Lineage.



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REDUCTION IN PRICES

EFFECTIVE MAY 2nd, 1921

THE FAMOUS OVERLAND TOURING CAR
REDUCED FROM

£495

TO

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A REDUCTION OF

£100

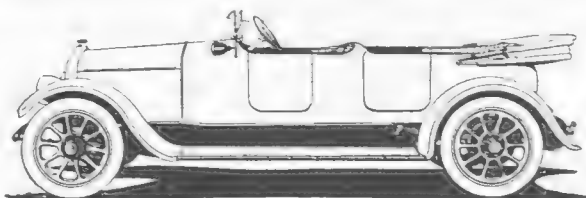
Roadster, Coupé, Sedan, Landauette and Van prices also reduced proportionately.

All are completely equipped, including Electric Starter and Lighting Set. It is advisable to place your order immediately to secure the benefit of the reduction on

THE ECONOMY CAR

Ask us for the address of the nearest Agent.

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY LTD
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The 25 h.p. TALBOT is one of the most successful models ever introduced by the Company. For reliability, durability and efficiency, combined with low upkeep cost (the petrol consumption under touring conditions averages 18/21 miles to the gallon), this car is unbeatable. Hereunder we give prices of the three models for the 1921 season.

The CLEMENT-TALBOT Co., Ltd. have pleasure in announcing a price reduction in all three models; the 25 h.p., the 36 h.p. 6-cyl., and the 15 h.p. This reduction has been made possible by the intelligent and intensive co-operation between the various Companies associated with the Clement-Talbot Company, added to a considerable drop in the cost of labour in the principal Foundries and Stamping Plant of the combined Companies at Suresnes; this, in addition to the heavy fall in the price of raw material, has reduced production costs enough to warrant the new prices.

CURRENT PRICES.

15 h.p.	Chassis	£795
25 h.p.	do.	£850
36 h.p. 6-cyl.	do.	£950

Catalogues and all details will be posted on application, and trial runs arranged by appointment.

INVINCIBLE TALBOT

The first car in the world to cover 100 miles within the hour.

CLEMENT-TALBOT LIMITED

Barlby Road, Ladbroke Grove,
Kensington, London, W. 10.

Telegrams: "Clemtal Norkens, London"
Telephone: Park 5000 (4 lines).

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Clothing at the R.A. Private View. The Academy Private View, long considered the forerunner of the London Season, was under the unmerited influence of bad King Coal. Lack of heat was not a trouble; the sun on glass roofs and congested humanity saw to that. Dress was conspicuous by its absence: the feminine portion of the crowd was merely clothed; the male portion appeared as in past years. One looked in vain for fresh spring frocks. Hats inclined to summer, and were suggestive of fruit markets, being garnished with the fruit of the trees, whose seeds were not in themselves! Two women had turned out in what was, by courtesy, white. Shortage of fuel for laundry purposes possibly accounted for the fact that both costumes were decidedly off-colour. Mrs. Asquith and Lady Alexander, usually original and ultra-smart, were respectively in black velvet and jet, and in grey and silver. The duchesses, marchionesses, peeresses of lesser degree, and leaders of Society were all very evidently on the economy tack, and on its longest leg!

Dry Weather and British Thirst. Sunshine, and the out-door exercise and life which it engenders, make us want beverages refreshing and health-giving. None give such complete satisfaction as Bulmer's Ciders, the white wines of old England. They are the result of the very finest up-to-date cider-making plant, and the most scientific and hygienic processes. H. P. Bulmer and Co. have advanced the rough-and-ready methods of making cider which have existed from time immemorial in England into an industry as important as those of wine vineyards, and, be it said, of infinitely greater value to health. The establishment of Bulmer's in Hereford is of world-wide fame; in it are numerous leviathan vats holding from 50,000 to 60,000 gallons of cider, while the pressing-house deals with ten tons of apples in an hour. A very interesting booklet on



Photo. Tassie.
A yellow crêpe de-Chine dress with a cape of the same material; the hat, which is of felt, is of the same hue.

cider will be sent by the firm on application. The Champagne Cider—made as are the finest champagnes—is a delicious drink, and the beneficial results of drinking the white wine of England are demonstrated every week.

Afternoon v. Evening. The most fashionable announcements of each week are postponements. Their Majesties and the Prince of Wales have led the way, setting aside all functions that entailed lighting and heating on large scale, also cooking for big public dinners and banquets. The consequence is a slump worse than ever in trade—quite unavoidable, of course, because to save fuel is the first duty of patriots. Some there are who pessimistically declare that postponements mean ninety per cent. cancellations. This is improbable; it means that when the weather is consistently warm the functions, which only entail light, heat, and quite inconsiderable refreshments, will take place. Some that were set for evenings will be changed to afternoon. Dinners and banquets are in a different category; but no one need be surprised, if the miners continue out, to see afternoon Courts again, and race meetings on less luxurious lines as to food.

The Best Nerve Specialist. Nerves are the very —! Fill in according to feelings. A sensible mother told me the other day that her life
[Continued overleaf.]

INSIST ON

Jeyes'

FLUID

The World's Best Disinfectant for over quarter of a century

JEYES' HAIR TONIC

2/6 quickly promotes a clean luxuriant growth of the hair
PER BOTTLE SOLD EVERYWHERE

IT PAYS.

Refuse Substitutes.

NO matter for what purpose a disinfectant is needed—Jeyes' is the *best*. Jeyes' does all it claims to do and does *all* that any disinfectant *can do*. It is *economical* to buy Jeyes'. Try a shilling bottle. It makes 10 gallons of the most efficient disinfectant. Use Jeyes' as a *pre-ventative* of disease. Jeyes' has been the world's best disinfectant for over a quarter of a century. Sold by leading Stores and Chemists everywhere

JEYES' SANITARY COMPOUNDS CO. LTD.

By Appointment to H.M. the King

64 Cannon Street, London, E.C. 4



The CLASSIC CALCOTT

"A Car of Quality"

THERE is a special appeal in the CLASSIC CALCOTT to substantial, well-to-do people who consider their comfort and appreciate "Quality." The CLASSIC CALCOTT is built for those people who are sure of themselves and their position, and who seek luxury in service as well as in appearance.

For the fullest service, the ideal family car is one that a lady can drive as easily as a gentleman, and without tiring. It must be distinctive in appearance—suitable for the morning's shopping, or for afternoon or evening use, and have the seating capacity to provide for the week-end or holiday tour. To those who know and appreciate these points, the CLASSIC CALCOTT is the highest material expression of these ideals.

Illustrated Catalogue sent upon request.

CALCOTT BROS. LTD., COVENTRY.

Established 1885.



The LADY DRIVER'S CAR.

Completeness of control and wonderful responsiveness are the features that make the Cleveland Light Six the ideal car for Ladies.

You can almost drive it with one finger, and it fairly glides over the road.

Very facile in traffic; gears and brakes extremely easy to change, and most accessible. Quick acceleration from 3-50 miles. Seats 5 people.

The body is of unusual beauty; seats upholstered in genuine long grain, hand-buffed leather; and the accommodation is extraordinarily comfortable.

It is a car of the highest character at a remarkably low price. The tyres are light and cheap.

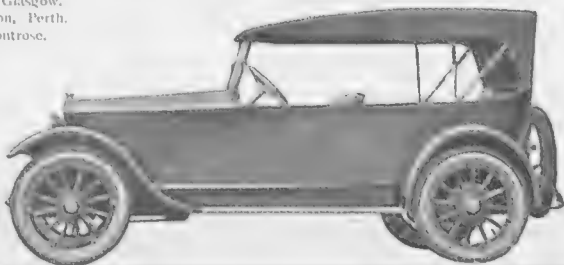
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LIGHT SIX



Price
reduced
to
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Derby Motor Co., Derby.
Upfield & Sons, Hastings.
Clock Tower Garage, Leicester.
Rabich Bros. & Co., Paignton.
H. E. Dixon, Broadstairs.
Colwyn Bay Engineering Co., Colwyn Bay.
Welch & Co., Ltd., Bristol.
James Fendley, Cecil Street, Carlisle.
R. E. Wright & Co., Birkenhead.
Woodvatt Motors, Westcliffe-on-Sea.
Fred. G. Cave, Northampton.
Hoskin Trevithick Polkinnhorn Co., Truro.
J. A. Austin Co., Motor Works, Chelmsford.
Reed's Garage Ltd., Peterborough.
John McPherson, Orchard Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
T. H. New & Co., 21, Abbeygate Street, Bury St. Edmunds.
Edinburgh Pioneer Motors, Ltd., Edinburgh.
Alexander & Co., Glasgow.
David Gorrie & Son, Perth.
Duthie & Son, Montrose.



25/30 h.p. R.F.C. Model

Reduced Prices

AT the revised price of £1050 (a reduction of £325) the Crossley 25/30 h.p. R.F.C. Model "Manchester" Touring Car, completely equipped and with Electric Starter and Lighting Set, is the finest value for money proposition on the market. It will pay you to investigate.

As will be seen from the list given below, the Landauette, Coupé, and Saloon Models are equally fine value. The reliability and efficiency of the chassis is well known; the coachwork is of the same high standard.

Those who have not yet had a trial run in the Crossley 25/30 h.p. R.F.C. Model are invited to examine the car in detail, and to arrange a trial run.

This is the most logical way of proving its fine qualities and remarkable value at the present price.

CROSSLEY 25/30 h.p. R.F.C. MODEL

Chassis (including electric starter and lighting set) **£800**
(a reduction of £250)

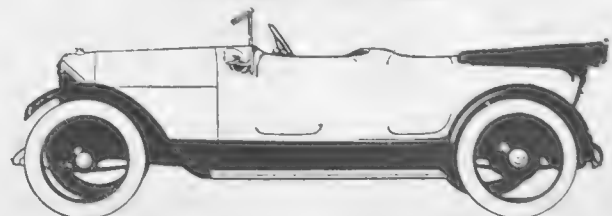
"Manchester" Touring Car (a reduction of £325) **£1050**

"London" Coupé (a reduction of £300) from **£1325**

"Chester" Limousine Landauette - from **£1350**
(a reduction of £300)

"Buxton" Saloon (a reduction of £300) from **£1425**

Fulllest information together with illustrations will be sent on request



CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD., Builders of Quality Cars, MANCHESTER
LONDON OFFICE & EXPORT DEPT. 40-41, CONDUIT STREET, W.1

(Continued.)

was a misery to her because of an adored daughter's nerves. "If it were real I could cope with it," she complained; "but it is all imaginary." A very celebrated physician once told me how false was the idea that nervous symptoms were imaginary. He said that nervous ailments were not only real, but the most difficult of all to treat successfully. Doctor Sanatogen is the best specialist there is—it alone backs up the good-will not to worry which will soon make nerve victims see the world aright again. The earliest sign of nervous disorder should be combated by Sanatogen, or, as called by some, Genatosan, which will combine with will-power, and help it to a proper degree of authority over the nerve-centres, keeping them in control and making their owners see the world and its worries normally.

To End in
Smoke.

I wonder who was awarded the silver cup for smoking a cigarette most gracefully while enjoying a cup of tea—it sounds rather like the difficult task of whistling and chewing meal—at the Tobacco Fair last week? Not, I hope, a girl who attaches her smoke by its paper to the corner of her lip, or the girl who puts her enjoyment so far before her manners that she puffs smoke into the face of whoever she may be talking to. Nor do I wish for the success of the woman who takes a plain business of smoking, or of her who inhales and ejects from her nostrils. The prettiest smoker



Photo. Talbot.

Longer dresses are certainly making a bid for popularity, and here is one of them from Jove, for evening wear, of velvet and net, with bands of silver tissue.

of my own sex I ever knew was a woman who spent all her young life in Russia, and to whom the habit was second nature. A dainty and graceful creature in every way, she was unconsciously so in the manipulation of her cigarette, which she used freely in gesture. Her husband said that she was a most extravagant smoker—she wasted so much in waving her cigarettes about. Economy and the graces do not always walk hand in hand.

Hard Times. That we shall have a Season in

London no one doubts. That it has been undermined by the miners, we all know. It can at best be short, and, until the great industrial dispute is settled, it can only be makeshift. If we were a nation of "tyrant capitalists," things would be otherwise. People would dine and wine, lunch and sup as in old days, dance, have Courts, and enjoy themselves in all the ways attainable by their wealth. They do not do so, and our visitors from America, North and South, and from other countries will be somewhat disappointed with English hospitality. This will be because right-minded, generous British capitalists, already taxed to the utmost, will economise more in order to help those honest workers thrown out of employment through no fault of their own. For the miners sympathy would be superfluous; there are the mines waiting to be worked, on terms as advantageous as are possible in these hard times.



My dear,
I find it
wonderful.

Ever since I have taken a spoonful of "Semprolax" each morning I have never felt so well in my life, and Dad and the boys say "Semprolax" is the one thing that keeps them fit.

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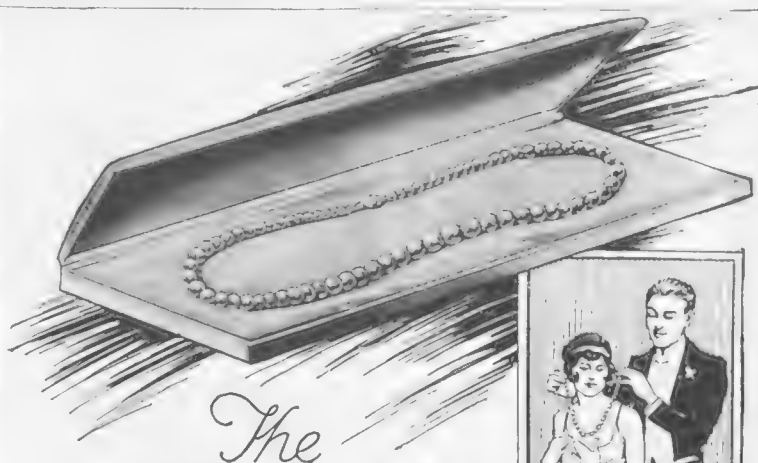
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MADONNA PEARLS LTD., Dept. (1).

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Sweet and clean and healthy homes!

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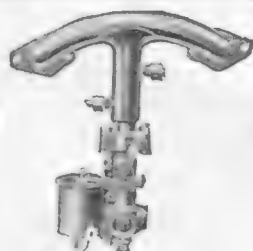
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Before deciding

arrange for a free trial of the NASH SIX which at the New Price

£650 FIVE SEATER with complete equipment

represents unequalled value at your command to-day — or to-morrow.

The merits of the Nash Six are proven by the fact that it covered 4000 miles of British Road last December under R.A.C. observation at 20 miles per gall., climbed all the famous test hills easily and was good for 60 miles per hour on the flat.

REMEMBER! A trial run involves no obligation.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

THE AMERICAN POSITION.

THE United States export figures for March showed a total of only \$384,000,000, which was \$105,000,000 less than the amount for February, and very little more than half the December total. In spite of this decline, gold continues to pour into America, and we read of shipments being hurriedly diverted to Philadelphia in order to be the more quickly assayed: \$106,000,000 of gold was received during March, and this possibly explains the firmness of sterling, which has been a matter of comment in view of the labour position in this country.

Since goods cannot, apparently, find a market abroad, many Americans are looking to a high protective tariff to guard for them their only remaining market—namely, their home one.

A more short-sighted point of view can hardly be imagined. As we have pointed out before, America is now not only a producing nation, but also a creditor nation—a position which is not nearly so desirable as it seems.

If Europe is to purchase America's staple products, such as cotton and grain, and pay the interest on debt, some methods of payment must be found: the stream of gold will eventually dry up, and after that nothing remains but goods. If the protective policy is persisted in Europe will eventually cease to buy American products—even if it necessitates a diminution of the population which she can support—and will be unable to redeem her obligations.

MEXICAN EAGLES.

The reports from Mexico continue to be conflicting, but on balance the latest news is undoubtedly reassuring, and we see no reason to alter our previously expressed opinion that shareholders should treat adverse rumours with the greatest caution. We have little doubt that many people would like to see the price of the shares depressed so that they could get in.

No signs of salt water are now reported either north or south of Naranjos; to the north, the old wells continue to produce a satisfactory yield, and to the south, a new well has recently been brought in with a production of some 60,000 barrels a day. The total production of the Mexican Eagle Company's wells, including Tacamixtle, is now greater than ever before.

Most of the adverse opinions emanate from America, and we are inclined to ascribe them, not only to market operators, but also to political ends. The possibility of the exhaustion of the oil-fields in the American continent is a useful lever for engaging public support over there in efforts to secure a footing in the East and elsewhere, and helps to substantiate claims abroad.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Summer holidays!" snorted The Broker—"I like the idea of summer holidays!"

"Considering that you Stock Exchange men have nothing *but* holidays," remarked The City Editor, "I don't see that you can want any special ones this summer."

"But they have wives and children who must work, and therefore are entitled to a rest," The Merchant compassionated.

"Supposing that you can't pay for them?" The Broker queried.

"Then you shouldn't have them."

"Shouldn't have what?" inquired The Engineer. "Wives? Or children? Or holidays? Aren't we getting rather mixed up?"

"If you have no money, you can't take wives and children for holidays," The Broker unravelled. "But I was down in Norfolk last week, and—oh! it's rotten."

"What is it?"

"The Broads looked simply lovely. The sun shining like gold and silver on the water, the freshness—you know it—of the breeze over Wroxham, the fields a simply gorgeous green, a sail here and there. It was maddening to think of a bath, of a decent-sized fish, of—"

"Of tramping miles before breakfast to buy a ha'porth of milk," went on The Jobber. "Of hard saloon seats to sleep on while you listen to the rats gnawing away the woodwork, and wonder whether there's another drop of blood left in you that the mosquitoes—"

The Broker flung a newspaper at him, and told him not to be a misanthrope.

"How can I, when I don't know what it is?"

"A misanthrope is a man who intended to sell all his stocks last Christmas and to put the money into the War Loan, but didn't do it."

How that would have paid! The War Loan was about 83 at the beginning of the year, and cum dividend, too."

"Ought National War Bonds to be converted into the Three-and-a-half per Cents?"

"Depends what you want the Nationals for. If you bought them for just ordinary investment, you certainly should convert. The new stock is ridiculously cheap."

(Continued overleaf.)



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CORSET SPECIALIST.



Model 04. Dainty Washable Tricot Corset. Steels at side placed to give free hip effect. Perfect Fitting, 14 ins. deep. Pink only. All sizes.

Price **25/-**

Slip-on Elastic Corset Belt. No Bones or Busk, Strong and Durable, in Pink only.

Sizes 21-26 ins. Larger Sizes made specially in 14 days.

Price **15/9**

Special Elastic Corset, 12½ ins. deep, very comfortable. White only. All sizes.

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THAT SHINY STRAW
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Fashionable Knitted SPORTS JUMPERS for Whitsuntide

Perfect fitting, attractive and becoming, and at the same time practical and useful. Specially designed for present wear.

ARTIFICIAL SILK JUMPER (as sketch), in an exclusive design made expressly for Debenham & Freebody in new crochet stitch in bright quality yarn. In saxe, panna, grey, covert, putty, lemon and black.

PRICE

5½ Gns.

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Alterations and Repairs.

Customers will reap the fullest advantage of the recent fall in the price of Furs on all orders placed with us now, and this applies to Fur Alterations and Renovations, which can be remodelled and adapted to the newest shapes at specially low prices during the Summer months.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street.
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Established over 100 Years



**Delightfully
Chic
Afternoon
Frock**

W.S.1512—Coloured Lace Frocks are pre-eminent in favour for afternoon, dance and theatre wear. The model illustrated is produced in silk lace on a filet ground, and mounted over a foundation of soft grenadine satin, which also forms the sash and rouleaux on the skirt. The upper part of the corsage has a foundation of georgette, also sleeves. Price **7 Gns.**

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approximately pre-war prices.

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Useful PETTICOAT (as
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Silk, suitable for country
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of its own material, good
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Exclusive designs made in
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that are well up to that high
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which the name of our
House has for so many
years been associated.

Delightful Teafrock in coloured
lace over a Crêpe-de-Chine
underdress, the bodice cut on
soft loose lines and drawn into
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smartly arranged with side panels
of looped satin ribbon, the wide
belt also of ribbon to correspond,
can be had in rust, brown, saxe,
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The Fashion for LACE TEAFROCKS

Lace is particularly fashionable in Paris this Season, many of the smartest models being made of lace over georgette and other soft clinging materials. Cream, white and black laces, and laces dyed in vivid colours, or having foundations of bright colours showing through the laces are much in demand.

DAINTY TEAFROCK (as sketch) in good quality georgette and lace the same tone, simple crossover bodice in georgette and underlining of lace, finished with belt of georgette caught with flowers in contrasting shade. In navy, grey, white, black and brown.

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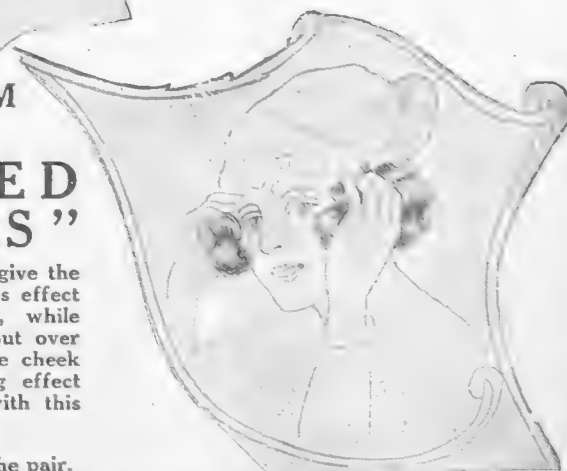
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Ladies' Patent Colt Lace Shoe, straight cap, 1 1/2 in. heel (as sketch).

29/6



Ladies' Glace Kid Fancy Bar Shoe, pointed toe, medium heel, elastic gusset at sides, 1 1/2 in. Cuban heel.

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Ladies' Brown Willow Calf and Patent Bar Shoe, made on the hand-sewn principle, 1 1/2 in. square heel, also made in black box calf.

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Glace Kid Court Shoe, smart long front, oval slide, Cuban heel (as sketch).

29/6



Patent Colt Court Shoe, smart long front, semi-square slide (as sketch). Similar Shoe in white, grey, brown and black suede.

29/6

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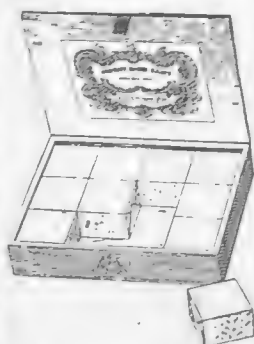
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The "ATCO" runs on ball-bearings throughout, which assist to carry the load, reduce friction, add materially to the life of the cutting blades, and eliminate the "work" from all mowing.

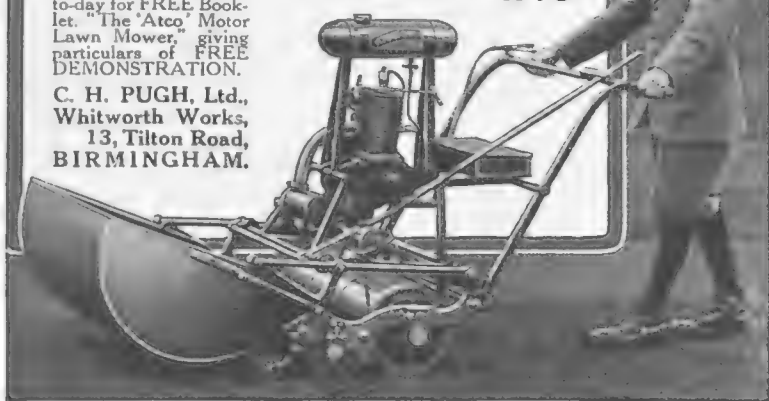
**THE 'ATCO' MOTOR LAWN MOWER
REDUCES LAWN UPKEEP BY 75 %
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It replaces a man and a horse, and is as simple to operate as a bicycle. The "ATCO" does more work, faster, better and cheaper than a horse can possibly do it. When it isn't working (and earning) for you it costs nothing to keep. Cutters 22" wide.

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PRICE : Carr. Paid, **£75**



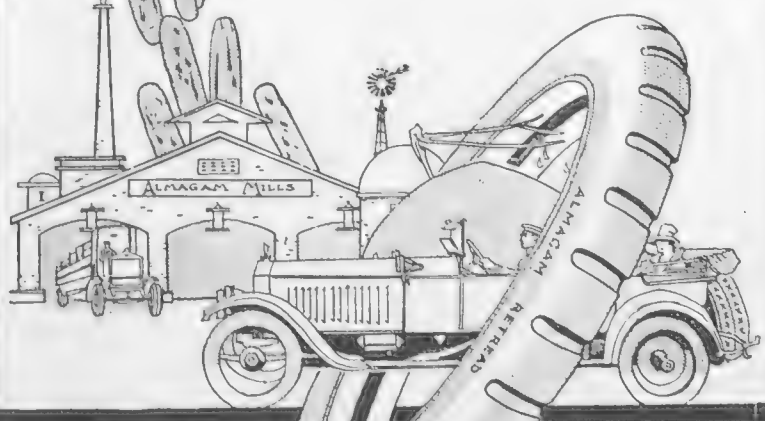
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Continued.]

"What made the Government offer such good terms?"

"I suppose," The Merchant surmised, "that the Treasury got the wind up at the idea of having to repay such a wad of stock in the next few years, and so the country is saddled with a payment of nearly 5½ per cent. for at least forty years."

"Seems to me an extravagant policy," The Engineer commented.

"There will be fine profits by-and-by for everyone who converts now," declared The Broker. "I think our imaginations have become dulled by industrial troubles, or we should rush at a chance like this."

"We shall have plenty of other chances," said The City Editor.

"I've heard of people missing their markets for the same reason in the past," The Jobber commented. "How about Oil shares?"

"That's not what I should call a particularly happy illustration. Lots of us got left with Oil shares higher up."

"And missed the chance, when we had it, of averaging Shells about 5, for instance."

"I doubt," said The Broker, "whether even now we realise what the coal strike will mean to the Oil industry in the near future. Railways are out of date."

"The time cometh," The Jobber laid down oracularly, "when the railway and the steamer shall be extinct as the dodo and the ichthyosaurus."

"Stuff! Plenty of room for every kind of traffic-carriers. People talked the same rubbish about cable stocks when wireless became a paying proposition."

"And cable stocks are now the best Industrial investments you can find. Eastern Telegraph, Globes, Westerns and 'Chinas'; absolutely gilt-edged, so far as Ordinary shares go."

"What do they yield, Brokie?"

"About 6½ per cent. on the money, free of tax. Made anything out of Marconis?"

"I had a modest flutter," confessed The Engineer. "Sold 'em too soon, but I got a profit."

"You'll buy them back?"

"Oh, yes, if there's anything like a drop. I believe they are well worth putting away for investment."

"Speculative, of course. Like a good many other things, they are bound to come right in the long run. Same with Rubber."

"Oh, Rubber's in the cart for years to come. Must be. The companies are all losing money, and they will take years to recover from the slump of the last twelve months."

"Yet when the market for the raw stuff does take a turn for the better, you won't be able to buy anything, you know."

"In a way, I think he's right," admitted The Merchant. "And there are still companies which have a bit of money left, so as to carry on. The position can't be entirely hopeless when you are dealing with an article that's indispensable. With a luxury-product, it's different."

"You might call *The Sketch* a luxury."

"But if you did, you would be entirely wrong. Anything that bucks you up and helps to keep you in touch with the cheerier side of life is an essential, my boy; and it's mighty poor economy, as you know, to drop a habit that brightens up your spirits in these dull days."

"Hear, hear! But think—'Finance in a First-Class Carriage.' What about that?"

"Nobody need read it," remarked The Broker.

"Nobody ever does," The City Editor rejoined.

A mighty sigh of relief left the compartment by each window.

BABCOCK AND WILCOX.

The Directors of Babcock and Wilcox, the well-known engineers, appear to have done very well in 1920, and to take a fairly optimistic view of the Company's future. The dividend for the last six months of the year was at the usual rate of 9 per cent., making 16 per cent for the twelve months against 15 per cent. for each of the previous five years. The result was achieved on a largely increased capital, and reflects great credit on the management.

Friday, May 6, 1921.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

BLENHEIM.—Many thanks; we have returned your papers.

NO. 24 (Cairo).—The internal affairs of the Company have recently been reorganised, and better results are looked for. We cannot advise a further purchase, but think you might hold those you have until times are more propitious. It seems a fair risk.

DEBENTURES.—The position is so complicated that it is impossible to say; but we imagine the question will be settled with the Canadian Government before long. We should hold.

R. B. (Torquay).—The Debentures you mention are all right, and the Cement Company should do well; but neither are gilt-edged. The Railway Ordinary is speculative.

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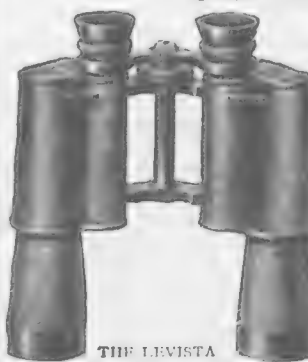
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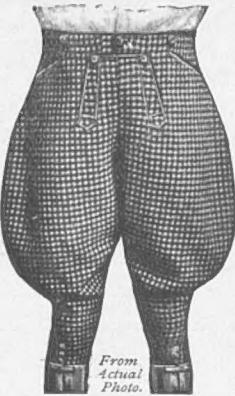
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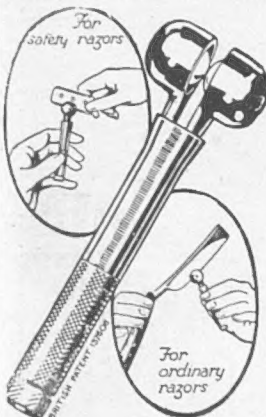
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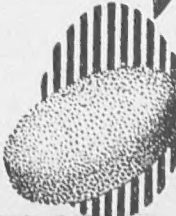
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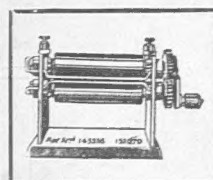
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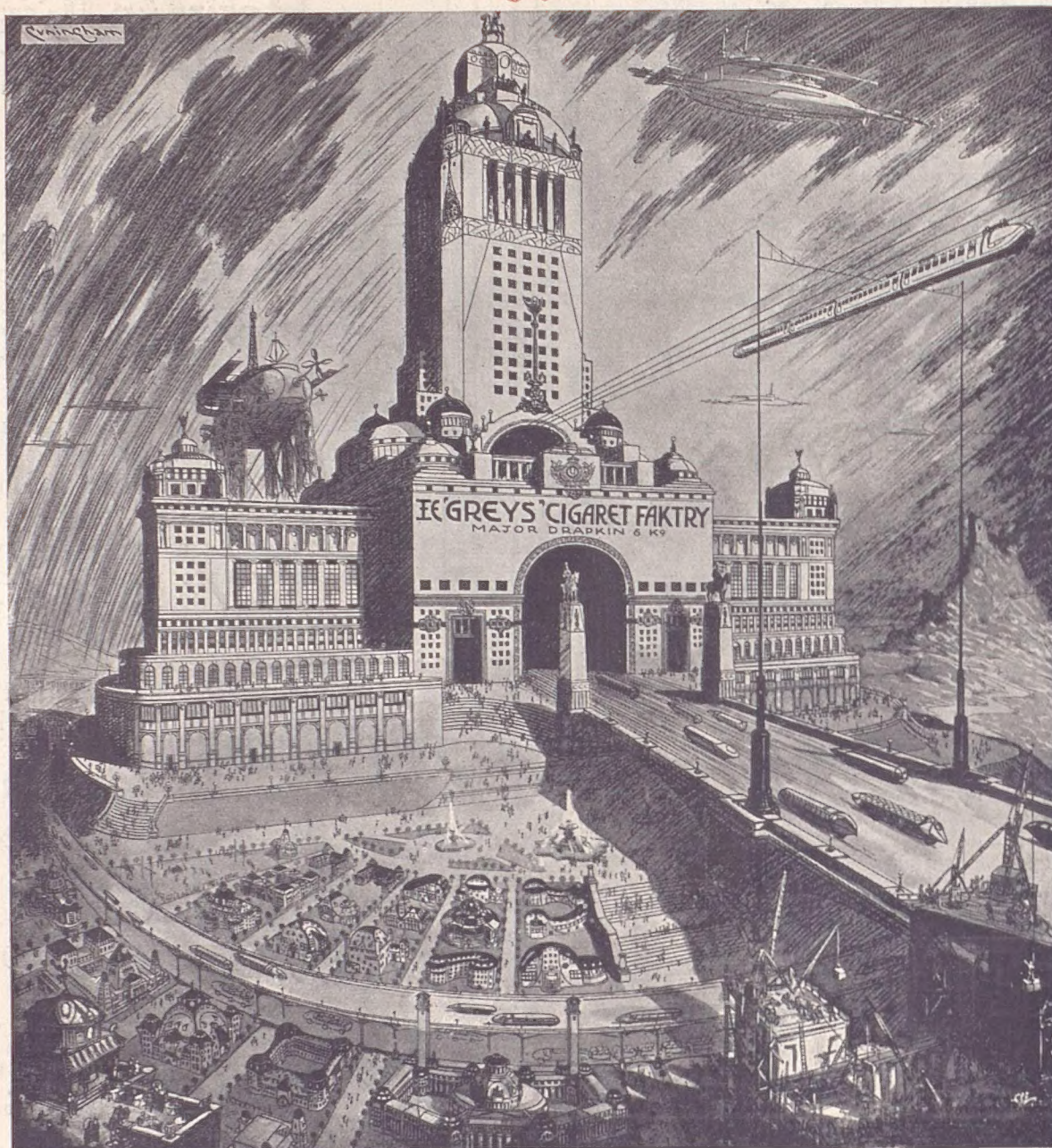
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